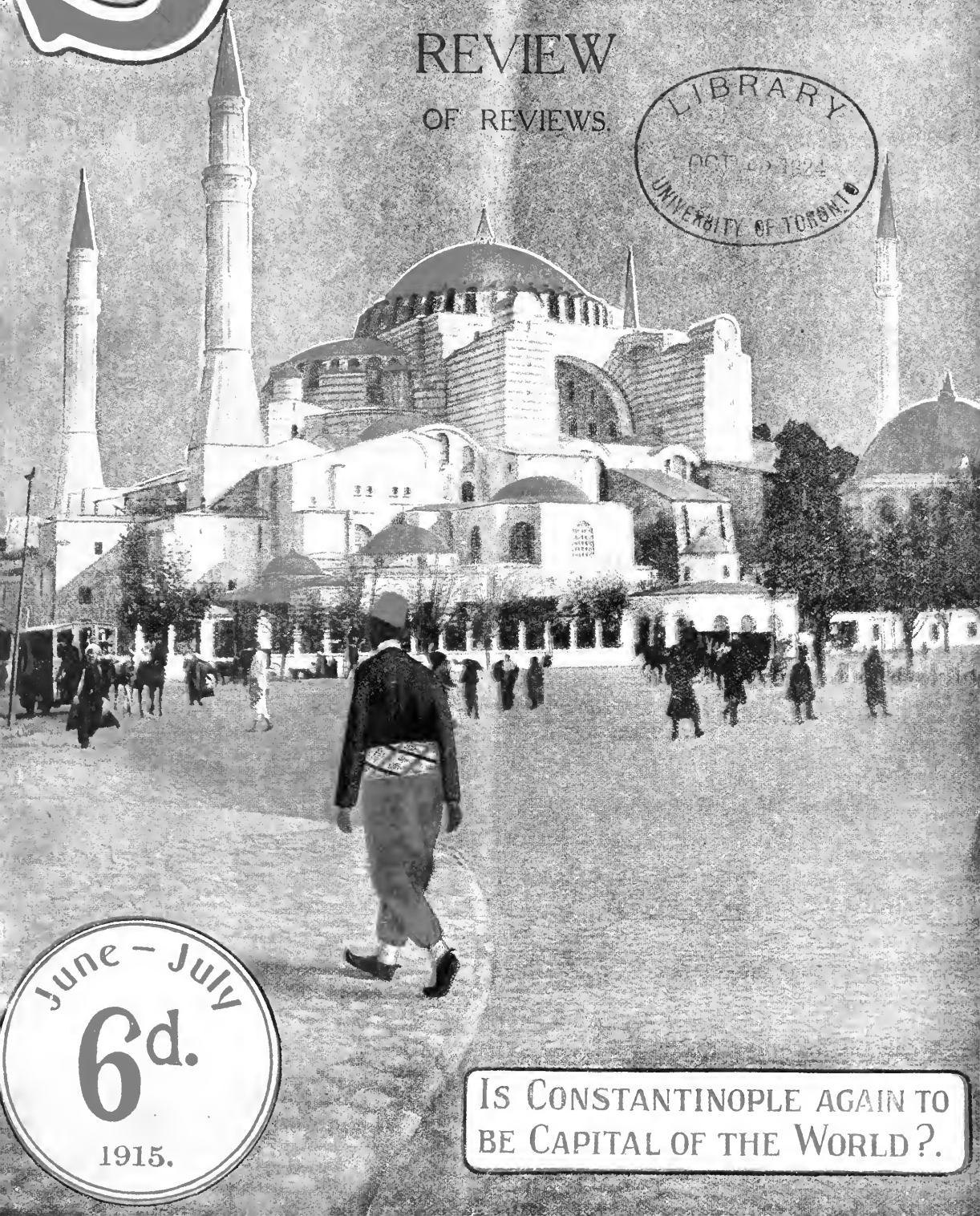


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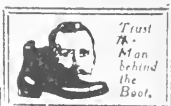
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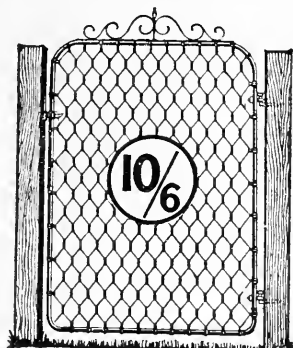
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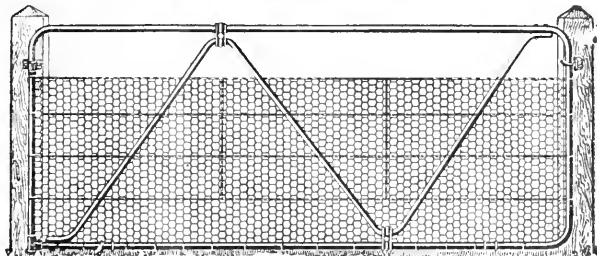


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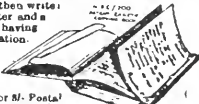
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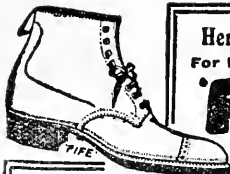
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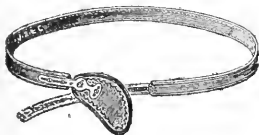
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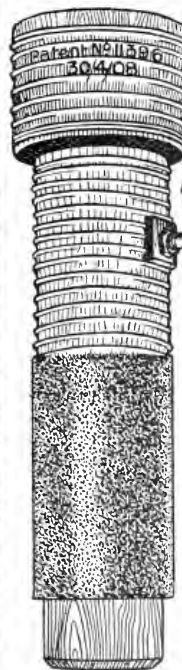
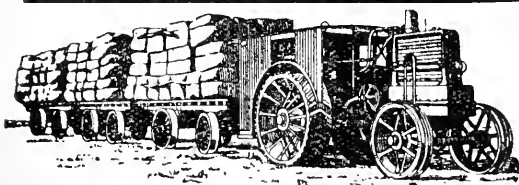
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CONTENTS FOR JUNE-JULY.

PAGE	PAGE
General Joffre, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies in France ... Frontispiece	Progress of the World (Continued)—
Progress of the World—	Fighting with Fumes ... 444
Italy Joins the Allies ... 437	The "Lusitania" Horror ... 445
An Unnatural Alliance ... 437	Can We Punish More ... 445
"Negotiations" ... 438	Not the Only Culprit ... 446
Will Germany Retire ... 438	When a Lifebelt Meant Safety ... 446
The Grecian Attitude ... 439	Pre-War Prophecies ... 447
The Need for Roumanian Intervention ... 439	Sir Percy Scott's View of a Submarine Blockade ... 447
Italy's Army ... 439	Eating the Leek ... 447
Gallipoli, the Key of Success ... 440	Again to be the Capital of the World ... 448
A Disquieting Presence ... 440	Christian Once More ... 448
Przemysl Falls Again ... 441	A Peep in the Enemy's Country ... 449
The Fate of Warsaw in the Balance ... 441	Absurd but Rooted Beliefs ... 449
General Botha's Achievement ... 442	German Resources ... 449
A Terrible Admission ... 442	Queensland Notes ... 450
Munitions Worth £200,000,000 from U.S.A. ... 443	New South Wales Notes ... 451
The Coalition Government ... 443	Victorian Notes ... 451
Builder of the British Navy ... 444	Papua Notes ... 452
Loss of Officers ... 444	New Zealand Notes ... 453

(Continued on next page.)

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CONTENTS.—Continued from page vii.

	PAGE		PAGE
The Silver Bullet. Finding £10,000,000 a Day	454	From Dover Straits to the Golden Horn. By	
Great Britain's Arrangements	458	Frank H. Simonds	493
How France Met the Crisis	459	What the French Armies Have Done	499
The German War Loans	460	Notable Books of the Month—	
The Bulgarian Loan	462	Russians and the War	505
History of the Month in Caricature	463	Bismarck in Fiction	506
Leading Articles in the Reviews—		Super-Magazine Stories	509
With the Russians	475	The Maker of the First Automatic Gun	510
Teutonic System	477	Mr. Hueffer's New Novel	513
Blame the Workmen	480	Financial and Business Quarter—	
The Myth of American Prosperity	482	A.M.P. Society	517
Germany and the War	483	The Over Seas Club	518
The Priest as Soldier	485		
With the Wounded	486		
"The Axe is Laid Unto the Root of the Tree"	487		
"Dundonald's Destroyer"	489		
Foreign Opinion on the War	490		

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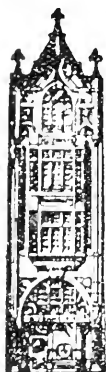
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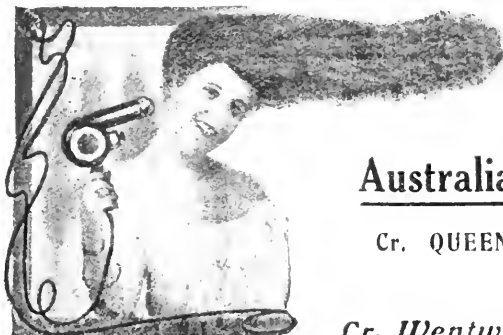
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STEAD'S REVIEW

OF REVIEWS.

EDITED BY

HENRY STEAD.

PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

Italy Joins the Allies.

JUNE 5, 1915.

Easily the most important event this month is the incoming of Italy. This step marks the final dissolution of the famous Triple Alliance, which really ended when the German invaders surged into Belgium last August. Unnatural as that partnership between the Latin State and the Teutonic Empires has seemed of recent years, it has been of undoubted benefit to Italy. The moment it was entered into in 1878 Italy was recognised as one of the Great Powers. It gave a standing to King Humbert's new kingdom it had never had before, and compelled an entire alteration in the more or less contemptuous attitude France had seen fit to adopt. Had that respect then shown for Italy existed before 1878, Tunis would never have become French, and, instead of having to content themselves with a desert, Tripoli, the Italians would have had a fruitful and flourishing colony in Northern Africa. It is interesting to trace the manner in which Italy has been weaned from her official partners, and has slowly but surely gravitated to France and England; but space forbids our lingering over those fascinating pages of recent history. It is significant to remember though

that Italy's great industrial development during the last few years is very largely due to German money and German brains. Neither France nor England has cared to lend money for building new factories for starting new industries. German bankers on the other hand have been no niggards with their gold, and, thanks to them, northern Italy is now a humming hive of industry.

An Unnatural Alliance.

But unequally yoked with Powers ruled by a military cast, Italy was becoming restive long before war broke out. She concluded a treaty with France, and came to an "amicable understanding" with Great Britain. During the last ten months her attitude has been in effect, if not in deed, a repudiation of the agreement entered into in 1878. It is to be regretted, though, that when she finally denounced the treaty the reason she officially set forth for so doing, was so obviously a mere pretext. A far better peg could surely have been found on which to hang the denunciation than the technical infringement of the terms of the treaty which Austria committed by not acquainting the third member of the Triple Alliance with the contents of her ultimatum to Serbia. The

violation of Belgian neutrality, the barbarous doings in that state, would surely have been nobler reasons for tearing up the partnership bond. But Italy made no protest about the invasion of Belgium, did not raise her voice against the doings in the devastated land. It is true that in this she followed the example of all the other neutrals. Not one remonstrated with Germany, but, curiously enough, of them all there is only one which we in Australia single out and denounce for her silence in the matter—the United States.

"Negotiations."

Italy may not have bargained during the last few months, but there can be no doubt at all that she "negotiated." Germany, anxious to secure her quasi-ally's neutrality, induced Austria to offer her large bribes, even going so far as to agree to make Trieste a free and independent city. But Italian statesmen declared these concessions offered not enough, and demanded more than Austria, even in her great need, would give. They did this no doubt because they were determined not to arrange matters with their old oppressor and quondam ally, and had decided for war no matter what she offered. A sagacious Roman politician has deplored the manner in which, from the beginning of the struggle, Italy has, with no uncertain voice, declared herself on the side of the Allies. Had she remained—like Bulgaria, for instance—so strictly neutral that no one knew on which side she would come in, she could have driven a far better bargain with the Allies. All the more honour to the Italians that their sympathies ran ahead of their business acumen! There are rumours that the Allies assured Italy of substantial gains if she came in with them, but these may have no foundation whatever in fact, and Italy may have entered the struggle in pure abhorrence of the methods of her late partners. Why Italy should have come in now, rather than later on, or sooner, it is difficult to understand. I confess that I did not hope for her participation until the forcing of the Dardanelles had made the division of the domains of the sick man of Europe quite cer-

tain. But there does not seem an immediate prospect of the Allies occupying Constantinople, and the sick man looks like lingering a long time still. Perhaps the reason is that Italy, seeing Russia hurled back everywhere, the French still vainly breaking themselves against German trenches, the Allies at the Dardanelles still silencing forts which refuse to keep silent, began to fear that after all the mid-European states might triumph did she not at once throw her whole weight against them. Realising what her fate might be if Germany were ultimately victorious, she decided to step in to prevent that frightful possibility. That may be the explanation.

Will Germany Retire?

The coming in of Italy certainly brings the end of the world-devastating war appreciably nearer. Not so much because Italians may defeat the Austrians as because our enemies must divert large bodies of troops to the Italian frontier, thus weakening the battle lines on east and west. It is by no means improbable that the Germans may fall back in France and Belgium, and we must bear that probability in mind when reading accounts of the fighting on the western front during the next few weeks. Notable French and British advances in Flanders, in the Argonne and the Compaigne, if they occur speedily, are more likely to be due to Italian pressure in the neighbourhood of Trieste than to any marked superiority suddenly developed by the allied troops in France. We must not, therefore, build our hopes of a rapid end of the war too much on the proximate events which we trust will be taking place in the west. By falling back to the Antwerp-Brussels-Namur-Verdun line, the Germans cut down their defensive front by a hundred miles, by retiring to their own frontier they reduce it by a further seventy or eighty miles. If they hold what they have wrested from Russia in the east, and become rooted firmly on the San, the Vistula and the Narew, they will have lessened the line they have to defend by at least a hundred miles. Provided they are content to stand on the defensive on these new fronts, they could easily spare

enough men in addition to the forces which, since the outbreak of war, have been watching the Tyrolese frontier—to keep the Italians in check, and even carry the war into the country of their late ally.

The Grecian Attitude.

But whilst the extension of the battle fronts caused by Italy's participation in the war may be balanced by modifications in the eastern and western theatres the incoming of the Roman state must have other influences which will tend to the termination of the conflict. Greece can hardly hold herself neutral when it means the loss of the *Ægean* Islands over which Turkey still claims control, although they are in the temporary occupation of the Hellenes. We may assume that Italy would hardly dare to annex these so long as Greece had not officially evacuated them, but after the experience at Tenedos, one of the islands in question, the Grecian Government will be thoroughly convinced that might alone is right, and unless they come in on the same side as Italy their trade rival in Asia Minor will certainly use her powerful fleet to take these islands she has long coveted. The Greeks could, of course, send a powerful army into Serbia, but it is hardly likely that they would do so unless the Allies offered them very considerable concessions in Asia Minor. Half the population of Smyrna, the trading centre of the Eastern Mediterranean, is Greek, and the Hellenic Government is anxious to secure that valuable port. So, however, is Italy, whilst France, too, has many interests there, and has invested great sums of money on its development. It is rather unlikely that the participation of Greece would have much difference one way or the other.

The Need for Roumanian Intervention.

The case is very different with Bulgaria. If Tsar Ferdinand decided to abandon his attitude of neutrality, and in spite of his well-known leanings towards Austria, declared war against her, it would have a great influence on the struggle. His participation—or benevolent neutrality—would mean the

incoming of Roumania, and Roumania more than any other power can effectively strike at Austria. The Austro-Roumanian frontier is so long that it would be well nigh impossible for the Austrians even to attempt to defend it. They would perforce have to evacuate Transylvania, and thus shorten the line on which they would stand to stop the onrush of the Roumanians. But to do even this would weaken their opposition to the Russians, the Serbs and the Italians. Their only hope would be to abandon Transylvania to the new foe, and in that way buy them off from invading Hungary proper. Until Roumania comes in, however, we are not likely to see any weakening of the Austro-German combination beyond the possible retirements to shorten the lines as above suggested. Whether the Italian army will prove equal to the task of defeating its furious foes will appear within the next few days, but we need not regard the crossing of the Austrian frontier as of much military significance. All it means is that the Italians have got in first, just as the French did in Alsace at the outbreak of war. These are only affairs of outposts. Naturally, on so serrated a frontier as that between Italy and Austria, the defensive works cannot possibly march with the boundary line, but in many places are a considerable distance behind it. The Italians are hardly likely to attempt a serious invasion of the mountainous Tyrol. To clear the passes and turn out the Austrian forces would require a considerably larger army than Italy has at command.

Italy's Army.

Many wild statements have been made about the number of soldiers Italy can put in the field. We read about two million, even three million men under arms. That is, of course, absolutely impossible. It would be a very notable achievement indeed if there are a million trained men fully equipped at the front. If there are more Italy must have been spending the last ten months in drilling untrained men, creating an army, as Kitchener has in England. There is no reference in the Italian papers to any such training

being carried out. The whole energies of the military authorities are devoted to bringing the army up to a war footing, which would mean about a million men. Italy has conscription, but only trains a third of the available men; the rest are put into the territorial militia, where half of them receive a very slight "recruit training" of little real value. The men selected for thorough training serve two years with the colours. Then they have six years' furlough, and for four years after that they serve in the mobile militia, and again undergo some training. The war strength of the forces is roughly estimated to be:—

With the colours	250,000
On unlimited furlough	450,000
Mobile militia.....	320,000
Territorial militia	2,200,000
Total	3,200,000

Of these barely a million would be more or less trained. The glorious achievements of Garibaldi and the wonderful doings of the men who finally threw off the Austrian yoke and created a free Italy are fresh in the memories of all. Animated by the spirit of their fathers the Italian soldiers are certain to give a good account of themselves, and we will have in our new ally the most convinced exponent of the doctrine that Germany must be beaten flat, for if any remnant of power is left her Italian future would be dark indeed.

Gallipoli the Key of Success.

Great as is the importance that attaches to the efforts of the Italian arms, success or failure in Gallipoli will have even more influence on the struggle than anything taking place in Europe proper. Once the Allies are through the Narrows, all hesitancy on the part of the Balkan neutrals will disappear, and we will be able to count on Roumania's active assistance and Bulgaria's passive help. But as long as the possession of the key to Constantinople is in doubt, as long as the Turks defy the united assaults of the Allies on land and sea, there is little chance of our getting that additional assistance which is absolutely necessary to bring the struggle to a speedy end. The

magnificent bravery shown by our men in Gallipoli, their brilliant daring and tenacious purpose, have won ground for the Allies, but at immense cost and huge effort. The cables are still indefinite, still contradictory. We hold Maidos, and then we do not; we have captured Krithia, and again we have not; we are progressing mightily at Achi Baba, and still the Turks cling to the position. We come almost to the conclusion that after all this sanguinary fighting, all this prodigal pouring out of the lives of our bravest, we have secured little more than a firm foothold on the peninsula at certain spots. Mighty is the task still before us. Not for a moment do we doubt the ultimate success of our arms, but when we remember what hangs on speedy victory, that until we penetrate triumphantly to Constantinople Russia is practically paralysed; that, until the Turk is given notice to quit Europe, we can expect no help from Roumania, we begin to chafe exceedingly at the slow progress that is being made. The hugeness of the task makes haste impossible; we are doing as well as can be expected—even better—but for all that to hasten slowly is a very trying thing with the fate of Europe hanging on the result.

A Disquieting Presence.

The presence of a German submarine in the Ægean is distinctly disquieting, for it cannot but considerably hamper the giving of that help from the sea which is so imperative if we are to win on land. If, for any reason, our battle-ships were compelled to leave the spot the land forces alone could never win through. To achieve success, the two services must combine. The navy has demonstrated that alone it cannot force the straits, and obviously the army, without heavy siege guns, could never hope to overcome the resistance of the forts. Mighty ships steaming slowly to and fro hurling projectiles from their huge guns on invisible forts present ideal targets for submarine attack. If one submarine could pick off two battle-ships what could half-a-dozen do? is a sum to which, let us hope, there will never be an answer. But we touch now on what to my mind is a very real

danger if the war is to be one of attrition. Whatever may be said about the submarine blockade of Great Britain, however scornfully we may speak of its achievements, the fact remains that since it has been declared the price of commodities obtained by England from over seas has steadily advanced. There may be other causes, no doubt, but there can be no question that the submarine blockade, ineffective as it is, has a good deal to do with it. Now all reports go to show that Germany is concentrating all her energies on the construction of submarines, the only weapon she can use against our magnificent navy. Fortunately, it takes time to build these craft, to engine them, and to man them, for the submarine crew must be formed of the super-specialists of the navy. But if time is allowed them the Germans will, without the slightest doubt, soon have a very formidable underwater fleet, one which it is quite conceivable might place Britain in deadly peril of losing her food supply, drawn, as it is, so largely from abroad. There are two sides to every proposition, and whilst a long war, one which lasts well into 1917, would cripple Germany, during so protracted a struggle our foes would have ample time to forge a weapon which might seriously wound England. The reports, vague as they are, about the methods employed by our naval men to counter the submarine menace, nevertheless give us considerable cause for comfort. Submarines may be numerous, but if their attacks can be successfully warded off, it matters not how many Germany turns out. All the same the news of the destruction of the *Untersee-bote* which sank the *Triumph* and the *Majestic* would be an immense relief.

Przemysl Falls Again.

In April it looked as if at last the Germans had been forced to stand everywhere on the defensive. They had abandoned their violent attacking tactics both west and east. In April and May we had been promised, through the long winter, "war would really begin." We confidently looked for a tremendous offensive in France, a titanic onslaught in Poland. The halt in Ger-

man aggression certainly seemed to indicate that the eagerly-anticipated time was at hand when the stubborn German lines would be bent and broken, and the shattered armies of the Kaiser fall back before the victorious Allies. Things looked brighter than they had for a long time. Przemysl had fallen to a brilliant Russian feat of arms, the Tsar's troops were pouring down to the passes of the Carpathians, Hungary was threatened. Further north the enemy still thundered ineffectively at the barrier forts on the Niemen and Narew. Germany, however, suddenly assumed the offensive. Hastening up through Bukowina into Eastern Galicia her armies and those of her ally threatened to cut the communications of the Russians marching into Hungary. These Russians, it is true, threatened the communications of the enemy's forces in Bukowina. It was a race against time, and again the well-oiled German machine beat the ponderous Russian elephant. It was the soldiers of the Tsar, not, alas! those of the Kaiser, who had to hurriedly retire to escape annihilation. Having freed all the passes of the Carpathians, the Germans in mid-May advanced in great force from Cracow and smashed their way to the San. They took the fortress of Jaroslav, and thrust through to the south of Przemysl, reaching out towards the Austrian armies at Stryi, some fifty miles due south of Lemberg. Keeping still to that dense formation, which is so derided by our experts, which demands a terrible toll of men, but which only too often justifies itself by "getting there," the enemy forced their way across the San and surrounded Przemysl. As I write that fortress is reported to have fallen into their hands.

The Fate of Warsaw in the Balance.

Naturally, although its capture is a great *tour de force*, it does not compare with the military achievement of the Russians on March 22. It cannot have been re-armed, and the strongest forts were destroyed by the surrendering Austrians. It does, however, mark a milestone on the way to Lemberg, for already von Hindenburg's fighting general, von Mackensen, is said to be

hurling his forces forward to wrench the old Galician capital from the grip of the Tsar. He may have failed ere these lines are read. If he has not, but is triumphant, then obviously the Russian outlook is dark. Lack of ammunition and weapons of war are the only explanations for such a Russian debacle, for the speed with which the Germans have driven our Muscovite Allies from positions they have had months to fortify. The Germans could hardly be in force at Lemberg unless they held the country to the north, to the Galician frontier and the River Bug. Postulating their presence there, the Russian hold on Warsaw must already be precarious, and we may expect to hear of a vigorous German offensive from the north to meet a determined drive of von Mackensen from the south. A glance at the map will show how serious is the position of the Polish capital. The Germans can afford to withdraw almost all their forces from the immediate west of Warsaw in order to make a terrific attack on Ossowiec and Ostrolenka. There are two natural frontiers which bar the road against an invader of Russia. The first is the Vistula, the second is the Bug. If, outflanked, the Russians have to abandon the first, they will not make a stand till they reach the second. If they are compelled to relinquish Warsaw they will fall back to the Bug, the Narew and the Niemen line. Now such a retirement, although it would give a painful impression, would not actually harm Russia much. Her vital parts are far too remote for any enemy to reach. To invade the Tsardom is like trying to push a hole through a balloon with one's finger. It bugles in the side, and that is all. The real significance of a Bug defensive line instead of a Vistula one, is that the former is so much shorter. By driving the Russians to it, the enemy cuts down the fighting front by over 200 miles; liberates immense masses of men to strengthen the defences in France and Belgium, to assume the offensive against Italy. If only the Russian armies had the munitions of war they need there would be not the slightest reason to dread the fall of Warsaw, a retirement

to the Bug. Supplies may yet arrive in time to save the situation.

General Botha's Achievements.

General Botha, after brilliantly crushing the rebellion in South Africa, has further demonstrated his military genius by successfully occupying the capital of German South-West Africa, and driving the German troops over the border into Portuguese territory. The rebellion was a far more serious affair than we were told at first, and the natural obstacles to be overcome in the German colony before Windhoek was reached were also a great deal more formidable than the cables alone would lead us to believe. General Botha has handled a most difficult situation since last August with consummate skill, and yet but for the pro-Boers he would never have been entrusted with the Prime Ministership of a United South Africa! Success has followed British arms in the Cameroons as well as in South-West Africa. Only on the eastern side of the continent do the Germans offer a stubborn resistance, even make forays into British territory.

A Terrible Admission.

It is amazing, incredible, humiliating that not until the disastrous war has dragged on for ten months are the makers of war munitions in England told by the Government that "it depended more upon the masters and men running the workshops than upon almost any section of the community whether Great Britain would emerge from the present struggle beaten, humiliated, stripped of power, honour and influence, and the mere bond-slave of a cruel military tyranny, or whether she would emerge triumphant, free, and more powerful than ever for good in the affairs of men." We realise that—after ten months of battle, murder and sudden death. We awake to the appalling fact that it is the Germans who, lulled in our fool's paradise, we had believed short of supplies, pinched with copper famine; it is the Germans who have the stupendous stores of ammunition needed for victory, not the Allies, whose immensely superior resources we have

been told daily must speedily enable them to overwhelm a crippled foe. Well may the bewildered citizen turn like the proverbial worm and demand to know why he has been fed on this pap; why blinded as to the terrible nature of the struggle into which his nation has been plunged. A few amongst us, it is true, since the war broke out, have urged upon our readers in season and out of season, the colossal task before us, implored them not to fall into the common British error of underestimating the enemy; but we received more kicks than thanks for our pains! Now, thank goodness, there has come a general recognition that the Empire will have to strain every nerve, put forth every last ounce of strength, if we are to emerge triumphantly victorious and crush Germany in the dust. That is the right spirit in which to carry on the struggle. In that expressive Australian slang, we are "up against it," and know it—after ten months' fighting! That realisation will do far more to give us victory than all the twaddle about German shortage of supplies, lack of men, broken morale, financial stringency, and the like, to which we have been treated for the last half year.

Munitions Worth £200,000,000 from U.S.A.

I have repeatedly pointed out how absolutely invaluable the United States has been to the Allies, and have ventured to chide those who have felt called upon to abuse our cousins across the Pacific in no unmeasured terms for the failure of President Wilson's Government to protest against Germany's methods in Belgium, and, if need be, go to war to back that protest. In previous issues I have given some particulars of the weapons and munitions which American factories are turning out to the order of the Allies. The tally still rises, and I think we in Australia are beginning to realise how we must have embarrassed the Home Government by our attitude towards the only nation which could help Russia in her need, assist France and supplement England's supplies, which Lloyd George and others have not hesitated to announce from the housetops are still lamentably

insufficient. When I last referred to the subject some £100,000,000 worth of munitions of war had been shipped across the Atlantic. It is now estimated that to date double that amount has found its way from America to Europe. Papers here have given particulars of the Russian order to a Canadian firm which called for 5,000,000 shrapnel and howitzer shells at a cost of £16,600,000—on which order the profit is said to be no less than £4,000,000! France has placed a shrapnel order for £4,000,000 and Great Britain one for £13,200,000, and one for £5,300,000 worth of rifles. No less than £7,000,000 worth of railway trucks and railroad equipment is on order. Compared to these colossal figures £200,000 for aeroplanes seems insignificant! These particulars show how tremendously necessary the American factories are to the Allies; for exhaustion of munitions, not of men, will end the war.

The Coalition Government.

However strong may be the new British Government, the fact that any alteration needed to be made undoubtedly leaves a very uncomfortable feeling. Had everything been going on as well as official and other reports have insisted, what need was there to make any alteration in those who were conducting the Empire so successfully to victory? We can quite understand the natural desire on the part of Liberal Ministers to share their tremendous responsibility with their political opponents, but such a wish alone could never have justified the changes made during the last few weeks. It is exceedingly unfortunate that there should have been trouble at the Admiralty, for, whatever may have happened on land, the navy has conclusively demonstrated its fitness, its efficiency, its ability. Had it not been for those tireless watchdogs in the North Sea, who kept vigil through the wildest storms and most pitiless weather, England herself would have tasted the experience of Belgium. For the navy and the men who man it there can be nothing but praise, and the Empire thrills with pride when it realises that to our seamen, and to them alone, our safety is due. Both Mr.

Churchill and Lord Fisher have placed the nation under the greatest obligations—the former for the way in which he had the fleet collected in home waters, and for his magnificent daring in taking over the Turkish Dreadnoughts before war was declared, thus securing two of the most powerful ships in the world for Britain, and, more important still, depriving a future enemy of them. For this action, done off his own bat, he had, it is said, almost to leave the Government.

The Builder of the British Navy.

Of Lord Fisher's work it is difficult to speak in moderate terms. The originator of the Dreadnought, the powerful advocate of the all-big-gun-and-high-speed ship, the present war has proved him a master genius. During his term as First Sea Lord, he revolutionised the navy. To him more than to any other man we owe our absolute mastery of the sea. In his early days, when captain of the *Excellent*, it was he who supplied my father with the particulars he needed for his series of articles, entitled "The Truth about the Navy," which in 1884 began the regeneration of the British navy—then in a parlous state—and restored to us the supremacy of the sea which was slipping from our grasp. Mr. Balfour is of course a good man anywhere. Besides consummate tact he has, back of his somewhat dilettante manner, a strong will, as was shown in the old Fourth Party days. He has proved himself again and again a good man to have behind you in a fight. It is not a time to comment on the manner in which the other portfolios have been allotted, but surely everyone gasped with amazement when he read that Sir Edward Carson, the man who openly advocated resistance to constituted authority, if need be at the point of the bayonet, had been appointed as the highest legal officer of the Crown! Every colonial Governor and Premier will deeply regret that Mr. Lewis Harcourt has gone from the Colonial Office. It is greatly to be hoped that his return to his old post at the Office of Works is but a temporary arrangement, and that, as soon as the war is

over, he will again be in charge of the Department with which the Dominions have to deal.

Loss of Officers.

I have referred often to the high loss of officers compared to men in the British army during the earlier battles of the war. That unfortunate preponderance, alas! still obtains. The official casualty lists published in London indicate that from April 26 to May 24 the losses reached a total of 28,046. Of these no less than 3271 were officers. That is to say, for every nine men who fell, one officer was laid low. That is a truly terrible proportion when one remembers that there are in the army an average of 33 men to every officer. If that ratio continues it is quite obvious that the great lack at home will not be men, or equipment, but officers to lead the new armies. In six months a man can be transformed into an efficient soldier, but to turn out a fully-trained officer takes five years. In the middle ages the chief requisites for an officer were individual bravery and the ability to lead men. In the mechanical warfare of this century the officer has to have at his finger tips an infinite number of technicalities of which his mediæval predecessor never dreamed. It must be useless, or almost useless, to make men officers who have no specialised training; yet that is clearly what the army chiefs must be reduced to doing at home. France is in much better case, and, unfortunately, Germany is in the best of all. Both countries have an immense number of trained men to call upon, who, for one cause or another, have retired from active service when they reached the rank of Major. The horrible preponderance of officers in our casualty lists is quite one of the most alarming features of the struggle.

Fighting with Fumes.

Harrowing tales have come from Flanders telling of the ghastly effect of some of the poisonous gases used by the enemy. It is obvious that they must have experimented with various kinds of fumes, because in many cases the men appear to have been only temporarily incapacitated. According to the

Belgian reports four varieties have been tried. So much has been said and written in condemnation of this barbarous method of warfare that it is instructive to recall what happened at the Hague Conference when the matter was discussed. The United States had to endure considerable opprobrium for its stand on the question, where its representative was the only one who in the end voted against the clause: "The contracting powers agree to abstain from the use of projectiles the (sole) object of which is the diffusion of asphyxiating or deleterious gases." The word "sole" (*unique*) which appears in the original French text at the Hague, is, for some reason, left out of the official English translation. The British delegates took the same view as their American colleagues, and refused to sign, but Great Britain finally gave her adhesion to the rule. The argument against it presented by the late Captain Mahan, the American representative, was so cogent and well-expressed, that it has been quoted in treatises on international law ever since. The reasons were:—

(1) That no shell emitting such gases is as yet in practical use, or has undergone adequate experiment; consequently a vote taken now would be taken in ignorance of the facts as to whether the results would be of a decisive character, or whether injury in excess of that necessary to attain the end of warfare—the immediate disabling of the enemy—would be inflicted.

(2) That the reproach of cruelty and perfidy, addressed against these proposed shells, was equally uttered formerly against fire-arms and torpedoes, both of which are now employed without scruple. Until we know the effects of such asphyxiating shells, there was no saying whether they would be more or less merciful than missiles now permitted. That it was illogical, and not demonstrably humane, to be tender about asphyxiating men with gas, when all were prepared to admit that it was allowable to blow the bottom out of an ironclad at midnight, throwing four or five hundred into the sea to be choked by water, with scarcely the remotest chance of escape.

As Captain Mahan says, the same objection has been raised at the introduction of each new weapon of war, even though it proved to be no more cruel than the old. But there are exceptions. We permit the pointed bullet, but prohibit dum dums, which make ghastly wounds, the aim of humane warfare being to disable the enemy, not per-

manently injure him. It may be that those asphyxiating gases will be permitted which only temporarily incapacitate, and those which permanently injure be barred like dum dums. It is obvious that gases in the former category are far less horrible than shrapnel and explosive bombs, which cut, bruise, and mangle the body, and leave those not killed to endure prolonged torture unaimed for life.

The "Lusitania" Horror.

The cold-blooded sinking of the *Lusitania* on May 7th has sent a thrill of horror round the world. The loss of many battles would have damaged Germany less, in the eyes of neutrals, than this dastardly outrage. The execration it has aroused far exceeds that aroused by the use of poisonous gases, by the sacking of defenceless Belgian towns. That warning had been given, ere she sailed, that the great liner would be sunk without notice directly she reached, what Germany has pleased to call, the "blockade area"; that on many occasions recently, if not on this, she has carried munitions of war; that she was, when war broke out, one of those ships armed with 4.6 inch guns; that for building her and her sister, the *Mauretania*, the Cunard Company receives an annual subsidy of £150,000 from the British Admiralty, will certainly be used by Germany in justification of her action; but makes no difference whatever. The only thing that matters is that innocent women and children have been wantonly slaughtered. This is a crime against civilisation, not against Great Britain. Would that we could say terrible will be the retribution! But can we?

Can We Punish More?

Are the Allies not in the position of the judge who, having sentenced a criminal to prison for life, enraged at the remarks the latter addressed him after doom had been pronounced, sentenced him to ten years' longer incarceration! Great Britain especially has insisted since the war began that Germany must be "beaten flat." We will not stay our hand until she has been utterly crushed. What greater fear can

we now threaten her with? The fact that the practical extinction of their country is the aim of the Allies is no doubt fully appreciated in Germany, where one can understand the argument that will be used. Are they not saying: If the Allies win measures will be taken to crush out our trade; our navy and army will cease to exist; our Empire will disappear; we will be at the mercy of even the smallest State in arms; we have nothing to hope for, go to; therefore, let us use every means in our power to prevent them winning. Hang the rules of war; to the devil with the customs of civilisation!

Not the Only Culpit.

Atrocious as is the inhuman crime, Germany will not stand alone arraigned at the bar of civilisation. There also should be found the British Board of Trade. The German is the active wrong, the horrible slaughterer of the innocent, but the Board is a passive accomplice in murder, not only in this case, but whenever a great vessel goes to the bottom of the sea. It rests with that body to insist that adequate provision shall be made for the safety of passengers. It has remained supine, has done next to nothing since the ghastly horror of the *Titanic*. Those who suffered grievously by that awful disaster comforted themselves with the thought that their own dear ones amongst the 1500 had not gone to their icy graves for naught, that in future every passenger on a great liner would have a chance of life. Never again we thought would brave men have to be told, "There are no more boats." Never again would they have to quietly step back and calmly await inevitable death, because, although every luxury man could devise had been fitted in the great floating palace for their convenience, their safety, in case of accident, had not been provided for. But, alas! they died in vain! The *Lusitania* sank in twenty minutes in a calm sea, with the sun shining warmly and help close at hand. The *Titanic*, in the midst of gigantic bergs, ripped as she was from stem to midships, floated for two and a-half hours, but no orders to get ready the boats were given for forty-five

minutes. After that, despite her list, the biting cold, the horrible darkness all the boats there were, were filled, launched and rowed away. One thousand five hundred men and a few women were left behind to drown when the monster sank. Long ere the rescuing *Carpathia* reached the spot, the icy cold had killed all those who at first struggled in the water.

When a Lifebelt Meant Safety.

The *Lusitania* knew her danger. Her captain knew that a torpedo from an invisible and reckless foe might send her to the bottom, yet she had only boats enough to save a fraction of the souls she carried, was as much a death-trap as the *Titanic* herself. No great liner which exceeds 20,000 tons is compelled to provide enough boats or rafts to accommodate everyone. That is a crying shame, a crime for which the Board of Trade is responsible. It seems incredible—in view of the fact that the sharkless water was quite warm, that rescuing vessels swarmed on the spot very quickly, and that the liner slid quietly to the bottom without exploding boilers or suction—that almost everyone was not saved. Lifebelts would have kept them afloat until picked up. Only those killed by the explosions, or whose tender years or ill-health prevented their surviving a couple of hours in the water, need have perished. There appears to have been a confidence bred of contempt, yet another demonstration of the fatal habit of under-estimating the forces against us. If we may believe the reports, submarines had been seen and dodged, so that any feeling that the Germans would not stoop to this despicable outrage must have been entirely dissipated long before the fatal torpedo was fired. And yet the *Lusitania* was obviously quite unready for the catastrophe! Under the circumstances, too, it was a criminal thing to carry ammunition on a great passenger liner. Captain Turner, at the inquest on the drowned, stated that he believed only one torpedo had been fired. Had the watertight doors all been closed, and had there been no ammunition to explode, a single torpedo could not possibly have caused the *Lusitania* to

founder so quickly; she would have remained afloat for hours.

Pre-War Prophecies.

Nothing can excuse the German action, but to describe it as taken merely from a horrible love of slaughter is, of course, absurd. The enemy have an object in view. They want to cripple, if possible, the transport of provisions and munitions of war across the Atlantic as an answer to Great Britain's avowed intention of starving them into submission. In this connection it is extremely interesting to look back over the correspondence which raged round Sir Percy Scott last June and July, just before the outbreak of war. He boldly stated that the submarine had entirely done away with the utility of ships that swim on the top of the water. Lord Sydenham was the leader of those who poured contempt on this contention. He (Sydenham) pointed out that the submarine cannot capture, but must destroy, that such a relapse into savagery would never be attempted—would, indeed, be impossible. Sir Percy, who, bear in mind, has done more than any other man to perfect gunnery in the fleet, replied that he considered Lord Sydenham's a most dangerous doctrine, "because it is calculated to make the British public believe that their food supply will be safe in time of war." "In order," he went on, "to make this fallacy manifest, I will quote the following extract from a letter written by a foreign naval officer:—'If we went to war with an insular country, depending for its food on supplies from overseas, it would be our business to stop that supply. On the declaration of war we should notify the enemy that she should warn those of her merchant ships coming home not to approach the island, as we were establishing a blockade of mines and submarines. Similarly we should notify all neutrals that such a blockade had been established, and that if any of their vessels approached the island they would be liable to destruction either by mines or submarines, and therefore would do so at their own risk.'"

Sir Percy Scott's View of a Submarine Blockade.

That, mind, was written before the war began, and so was Admiral Scott's comment thereon. He said, "Such a proclamation would, in my opinion, be perfectly in order, and, once it had been made, if any British or neutral ships disregarded it, and attempted to run the blockade, they would not be held to be engaged in the peaceful avocations referred to by Lord Sydenham, and if they were sunk in the attempt, it could not be described as a relapse into savagery or piracy in its blackest form. If Lord Sydenham will look up the accounts of what usually happened to the blockade-runners into Charleston during the Civil War in America, I think he will find that the blockading cruisers seldom had any scruples about firing into the vessels they were chasing or driving them ashore, and even peppering them when stranded, with grape and shell. The mine and the submarine's torpedo will be surer deterrents. Trade is timid. It will not need more than one or two ships sent to the bottom to hold up the food supply of the country." Thus Sir Percy Scott. He foresaw what was coming, and the moment retirement from the service allowed it he raised his voice in emphatic warning. Fortunately, the submarine blockade has not proved very effective, but there can be no doubt that if another Atlantic liner were sunk, passenger traffic across the Atlantic would practically cease. Back of the horror and indignation evoked by the terrible crime of the German submarine is the haunting thought that if our foes had a hundred instead of but fifty such craft, their threat to starve Britain would be no empty boast. We have here a desperately urgent reason why the war must be brought to a close before the Germans can ring round the British Isles with an immense number of invisible murder machines.

Eating the Leek.

It is really amazing to read article after article in our most conservative periodicals explaining why Russia should have Constantinople, why the British people are so glad to assist her

in reaching the legitimate goal for which she has been patiently striving for so many years. It is a delightful reversion, all the more amusing because the back files of these same papers bristle with articles demonstrating, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that Russia at Constantinople would spell the doom of British dominance in the Mediterranean, end British rule in Egypt, and imperil our Indian Empire! My father fought against the anti-Russian prejudice of his countrymen for years, urged a *rapprochement* between the two Empires, and was never tired of emphasising the absolute need for Russia to have an ice-free port. He even, *horrible dictu*, refused to see Britain's doom in a Russian Constantinople, actually advocated the settlement of the Turkish problem by having the Tsar occupy the old capital of the Roman Empire. He was accused of being in the pay of Russia, abused up hill and down dale for daring to suggest that Russia was not so black as our jingoes painted her, but he continued preaching friendship with Russia just the same. Not unnaturally, having gone through some of the most lively anti-Russian episodes with him, I derive a very special pleasure in contemplating this whole-hearted leek eating now going on.

Again to be the Capital of the World?

There are those who say that Russia would rather not have the Pearl of the East. That, situated where it is, it would be very difficult to defend, and that to hold it will be a constant drain on the Muscovite Treasury. Which may all be perfectly true, but those who put forth these views have but poor political sense. If it cost twice, nay, three or four times as much, Russia would have no hesitation in taking Constantinople. But make no mistake, with the ancient city of Constantine must go the Dardanelles. We discuss the advisability of internationalising that narrow waterway, of handing it over to one or other of the Balkan Powers, but there will be no question of that when the final settlement comes. To give Russia the city and give someone else the gateway to it would be clean impossible. We must

make up our minds to go the whole hog. It will be everything or nothing. One can dimly forecast what will be the fate of Stamboul in Russian hands. Napoleon it was who declared that the master of Constantinople would be master of the world. We would not go so far as that, but it is self-evident that a Russia firm-planted on the Golden Horn must speedily become the greatest factor in European affairs. With an ice free highway to the markets of the world at last in her possession, immense will be her expansion. Improved methods of agriculture, brains and money put into industries, will double her exports in a few years. If, side by side with this development, the vodka curse is kept at arms' length, and education facilities given to the people, one can see Russia fifty years hence the greatest Empire in the world. To Russia Constantinople, or Tsargrad, as it may be called, means liberty from the strangling icchold which has bound her helpless for centuries. It means an outlet for the products of her 180,000,000 people, who are increasing far more rapidly than those of any other great nation. It means everything she has striven for, tenaciously, patiently, almost hopelessly, for the last 200 years. Who can dream that she will not take it because it will cost her too much to defend?

Christian Once More.

Four hundred and sixty-two years ago Constantine, the last of the East Roman Emperors, heard mass on the morning of May 29, in St. Sophia, the most wonderful example of Byzantine art still preserved in the world. Rising from his knees he went straight to the battlements to what he knew would be his last fight. After furious combat the triumphant Turks stormed through the breach, and soon after the victorious Mohammed II. rode over his dead body into the city he had coveted so long. That evening the Muezzin called the faithful to prayer for the first time from the balcony of the sacred edifice, and ever since through the ages that Mohammedan call has been heard every day from its minarets. After all these centuries the time approaches when once

again the aged walls will re-echo to the solemn sounds of the Grecian Mass. May that time be soon, and may it last for ever!

A Peep in the Enemy's Country.

We know what is going on in England, more or less; we know what prices are; we know the tremendous patriotism shown, the immense sacrifices made. We see before our eyes in Australasia what hardships people are prepared to endure in a righteous struggle; we see how our churches are attended, how our people are stirred to their depths. But we only learn what is going on in Germany by chance references in our own papers, hearsay reports of those who have visited Holland or Switzerland; we seldom get anything really first hand. When, therefore, a man of international reputation visits Germany, and tells us what he sees, we should be grateful, for we want confirmation of the tales we have been told of financial stringency, lack of food, dissension, and shortage of ammunition in our enemy's land. Senator Beveridge, after five weeks' journeying all over the Kaiserdom, tells us many facts, and his account, alas! is vastly different from the majority of the wish-is-father-to-the-thought statements which have been given out to us. Three outstanding facts struck and amazed him. "First, the German people are a unit in support of this war. In this matter nearly 70,000,000 men, women and children think, feel and act as a single being. With the Germans this is a people's war." "It is the working men's war," said Dr. Sudekum, the leader of the Social Democratic Party, himself a volunteer at the front. "Second, the German people believe that they will triumph. This appears incredible to an American. But this belief is absolute. It is the psychological and spiritual atmosphere of Germany. They have settled down to the finishing of this war as though it were their one great business. No effort is spared, but also no effort is wasted." "Third, the German people feel and believe that they have been wronged. They are convinced that they are the victims of a monstrous plot hatched in

a foreign country to destroy Germany. To every German this means the ruin of himself and his family. He feels that he is fighting not only for his country, his ideals, his civilisation, but also for his sheer physical existence, and that of his loved ones."

Absurd but Rooted Beliefs.

Utterly absurd as the idea is it yet obviously obsesses the entire enemy people, and must be reckoned with in making any estimate as to when the struggle will end. There are, says the Senator, now no political parties in Germany. "It may be said that creeds have almost ceased to exist, so far as religious antagonism is concerned. The Protestant church services, crowded to overflowing, are equalled by the Catholic masses. Catholic Bavaria is as determined as Protestant Prussia. Indeed, the fusing of creeds in Germany by the fires of war is perhaps the most notable feature of the conflict." The Senator was greatly impressed with the church attendance, which he considers "afforded another manifestation of the popular spirit. All Germany is stirred by a profound religious movement. The religious element of the German character is displaying itself in an exalted but quiet and steady devotion." After giving many instances of the manner in which almost everyone has volunteered for the front, and quoting letters which make extraordinary reading when we remember the many definite assertions which have appeared here that the soldiers are often driven into action at the point of revolvers and with whips, he concludes: "Disagree if you will with their opinions on the war, but do not deny the German people's sincerity, do not cavil at their heroism. Remember always that so far as Germany is concerned, this is a people's war." Everywhere he found ample provisions, and he gives the prices paid in the various restaurants he visited, from which it appears that the Germans are paying a good deal less for edibles than we are!

German Resources.

He points out a significant fact—viz., that in 1913 a little less than 8 per

cent. of the wheat and rye consumed in Germany was imported, but the per capita consumption of wheat and rye had increased more than 30 per cent. from 1886 to 1908. If, then, the present ordinary consumption were reduced 8 per cent. (representing the amount imported), there still would remain a quantity of wheat and rye produced in Germany 22 per cent. more per capita than the German people consumed per head 25 years ago, and more than is now consumed in most other countries; considerably more, for instance, than in Great Britain and Ireland. He gives many reasons why the German people feel so absolutely easy on the food question. He also deals with ammunition. There German science, he says, is hard at work. Three factories are already reclaiming nitrate from the air, and more are ready. The copper needed to carry on the war as at present is, he estimates, 10,000 tons a month. The electric street car

war alone would furnish 120,000 tons, enough for a year's supply. Of oil, he says, there is no lack. The taxis and motor vehicles which are dashing about in the German cities are driven by alcohol, of which unlimited supplies are obtained from wood, potatoes and sugar beet. Altogether, the Senator at any rate, so far as his observation went, appears to be thoroughly convinced that there is little chance of the war ending through internal exhaustion. Assuming him correct, it is high time we realised that to trust to attrition alone is to lean on a broken reed. The failure of the "starving Germany" policy, combined with Lloyd George's statements about shortage of supplies, give us surely the gravest cause for uneasiness. Not for a moment must we doubt our ultimate success, but before it comes the mass of the people must understand that something more is needed than the mere vociferous assertion of the fact, if victory is to be ours.

QUEENSLAND.

The Queensland election held on May 24th was remarkable for the fact that for the first time compulsory voting was in force. At the moment of writing the actual proportion who voted is not available, but the figures show that the poll was much heavier than usual. Punishment (£2 fine) will presumably be meted out to those who failed to record their votes, unless they are able to show sufficient reasons for not having attended at the polling booth. The defeat of the Liberal Party was even more drastic than was the case in South Australia recently. A liberal majority of over 20 having been turned into a labour one of 22, assuming that the five members of the Farmers' Union and the solitary Independent all support the liberal leader. Mr. Denham, himself, Mr. Barnes, and other Ministers, were defeated. Mr. Ryan, leader of the Labour Party, was asked by the Governor to form a Ministry, and the caucus allotted the portfolios as follows:—The Pre-

mier (Mr. Ryan) takes office as Chief Secretary, Mr. Theodore is Attorney-General and Minister of Mines, Mr. Bowman is Treasurer and Minister of Public Works, Mr. Lennon Home Secretary, Mr. Hunter Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Adamson Minister of Lands, Mr. Hardacre Minister of Railways and Public Education. On the whole the team is the ablest and best balanced that could have been selected from the ranks of the party. The tremendous defeat of the liberals is attributed to various causes—high cost of living, dissension in the liberal ranks, and so on, and so forth. The most probable reason is that antagonism which makes itself felt against any Government which is obliged to take measures which directly touch large sections of the community. Since the outbreak of the war Mr. Denham has had to bring in legislation controlling food supplies and the like, and he has had to suffer for it, just as Mr. Peake did in South Australia, and as other Premiers will have to do if they are unfortunate enough to have to face the electors before the war is over.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

The commemoration of the centenary of Sir Henry Parkes' birthday has been the most notable event of the month in the Mother State, where the genius of the great statesman found chief expression. It was but a modest commemoration. Only a few years have passed since Sir Henry departed from this life, so that it is hardly possible to seriously fasten the public mind upon a Parkes' centenary. His birth seems such a small thing compared with his death, which robbed Australia of its most massive political thinker and statesman. Even now it is scarcely possible to assign to Sir Henry his true place in the making of Australia. So long are some men in coming to their own that it may take another century before historians will have judged him in his proper perspective. Parkes was our first statesman to think in continents. He could span an Empire in a phrase. To him belongs undisputed the honour of being the Father of Federation. Other great men caught his spirit, and laboured zealously toward the same national ideal, but it was Parkes who, at an inter-colonial conference held in Melbourne as far away as 1867, "visioned a new constellation of six stars in the heavens, the footprints of six young giants in the morning dew." To his inspiration also we are indebted for that fine conception of Empire expressed in his immortal phrase, "The crimson thread of kinship that runs through us all."

Parkes' political achievements in his own State can never be obliterated. He laid true and abiding foundations. His Education Act is perhaps his greatest State monument, but he also laboured for the preservation of racial purity, for the development of local government, for the improvement of the prisons, and for the bettering of conditions for the workers. Judged as a man, or even as a politician, he will have his critics for many a day to come, and they will have no lack of material. As a statesman, as an Empire-builder, the name of Sir Henry Parkes is imperishable.

The organisers of Belgian Day are naturally jubilant over the financial result, which they claim as a world's record. It was certainly no small achievement to raise £125,000 in this way, and the result appraises in eloquent golden terms the generosity of the people. But the promoters are not content to rest on their laurels. Their appetite has been whetted for something bigger, and they already have £1000 as a nucleus for an "Australian Day"—a day for the wounded heroes of Australia. The whole of June is to be spent in organising this new fund, and it is contemplated opening an account in the bank on July 1 with a deposit of £20,000, representing one hundred cheques of £200 each.

There is general accord with the view taken by the Premier in opposition to the organisation of any charity benefits to Australian soldiers in places outside the Commonwealth. "If," says Mr. Holman, "active and benevolent-minded theatrical entrepreneurs can raise funds in America, let them raise them for the benefit of the poverty-stricken people of our Allies, but we cannot afford to have it said in the United States that Australia, which has not so far experienced any of the destruction of war, is not in a position to buy comforts for her own soldiers." Accordingly, the Government is undertaking the organisation of a movement for the collection of funds, and Mr. Holman has invited the Premiers of the other States to co-operate.

VICTORIA.

The chief event in Victoria this month was the decision of the Government to bring in legislation to reduce the hours during which spirits and strong drink can be obtained from 17½ to 12½. At present bars open at 6 and close at 11.30. When the new bill becomes law they will open at 9 a.m. and close at 9.30 p.m. Although there has been a good deal of opposition to the measure by temperance folk on the one hand, who insist that 9.30 is not an early enough hour for closing, and

by those interested in the sale of drink, who naturally think 9.30 is far too early, the Bill will probably pass the Lower House, and the Upper House is not expected to delay its becoming law.

A minor problem of the Government is what to do to assist naturalised Australians with German names, who, since the *Lusitania* outrage, have lost their jobs. Most of these men have been resident here for many years, having come to the State at the request of the Government of the day. A large number have married English or Australian women, and have Australian children. Owing to their having German names and having originally been born in Germany, Australians refused to work with them, as a protest, no doubt, for the doings of the Kaiser in Europe. War is always hard on great sections of the people, but the case of these "strangers within our gates" is particularly difficult, as not only have they been helping us to build up the prosperity of the Commonwealth for many years, but we actually induced them to come here and live in our midst. In England, in the last resort, people stranded in this way go to the workhouse; here they can only turn to the State for help.

PAPUA.

There has been some outcry about the alleged frequency of the murders of whites in Papua recently. Actually, though, only four white men have been killed by the natives in this Australian dependency during the eight years Judge Murray has been in charge. During the eleven years Sir Wm. MacGregor was in office there were twenty-two murders; during the five years of Sir George Le Hunte, seven; and during Captain Barton's three years, three. Two of the men murdered recently were definitely warned of the risks they ran in travelling unattended in distant parts of the country, but they took no heed, lulled no doubt by the foolish remark that a "white man could now walk through Papua with nothing but a walking stick in his hand." The murders appear, however, to have been

rather an afterthought, the real cause of the trouble being apparently the paternal manner in which Judge Murray's administration looks after the native. A little over a year ago the papers were full of statements about "alleged slavery in Papua." The facts briefly were that a number of boys—some hundreds—had been improperly recruited and signed on; the Government officer concerned had been dismissed, and enquiries were being made into the case of individual labourers, in order to ascertain which labourers had been signed on improperly and were desirous of having their contracts cancelled. On investigation it appeared that something over a hundred desired to have their contracts cancelled. Most, if not all, of these were in the employ of one company. The contracts were cancelled after enquiry before a magistrate, but the company failed to pay the labourers' wages or to return them home. The attention of the company was directed to the law under which it was their duty to do this, but they flatly refused to obey the law. They were then informed that no more boys would be signed on to them, and eventually they promised to send these labourers home, and, upon this, the restriction as to the signing on of labour to the company was relaxed. Shortly afterwards, the contracts of a number of boys—some twenty or thirty—expired, but the company again failed to send the boys home. They were therefore prosecuted and fined £5 in respect of each boy (they were liable to £50 in such case).

This company and others appear to consider that the Lieut.-Governor has shown too much partiality to the natives, and was thus hampering the development of the country. Hence the agitation and the statements about recent murders. Judge Murray is in Papua to administer the laws made or approved by the Commonwealth Government. That in doing so he has been obliged to tread on the toes of white planters is unfortunate, but serves to show that in him we have an "upright judge," who carries out those measures, especially designed by the Federal Government for the protection of the natives, without fear or favour.

NEW ZEALAND NOTES.

MAY 20, 1915.

Interest in our political situation has multiplied in proportion to our surprises of the month. The two remaining election petitions have resulted in two seats being declared vacant. Greatest interest was centred in the Bay of Islands. Many contributing reasons create this. The seat has been Liberal for some twenty years. The member just disqualified was elected as a Liberal, but turned his political coat with the turn of the political tide. In such cases there is always much bitterness. But the case of the late member (Mr. Vernon Reed) was particularly aggravating to the party of his desertion, as it was helpful to the party of his adoption. As I have said, he was elected a Liberal. On Sir Joseph Ward's retirement from the Liberal leadership the Hon. Thomas Mackenzie (now New Zealand's High Commissioner) was selected as leader of the Liberal Party. The member who nominated Mr. Mackenzie for the Liberal leadership was Mr. Reed. When Mr. Mackenzie was challenged by a no-confidence motion Mr. Reed deserted him and went over to the enemy. It can easily be understood, therefore, that political feeling ran high whenever and wherever Mr. Reed showed his hand. He was successful at the recent general elections in December. Prior to the contest he approached his most formidable political rival, an adherent of his own party, who carried his party's banner at the previous election, with the concrete suggestion that he should leave the stormy arena of representative politics for the serener atmosphere of the Legislative Council. To make a long story short, the Election Court has adjudged Mr. Reed guilty of a corrupt practice, disqualified him for six months, and declared his seat vacant. The date is not yet fixed for the by-election. It is safe to prophesy an interesting and stormy election. The candidates of both parties make their maiden appearance, the defeated Liberal candidate having gone to the front.

In the other case, the successful candidate (a follower of Sir Joseph Ward) has been declared ineligible to occupy a seat in the House since he was not legally on the roll of his choice. He left the roll where he was entitled to vote and had his name put on the roll of the constituency which he was contesting. The Election Court has held that he was ineligible, and have ordered a fresh election. The two candidates who contested the seat in December will again woo the electors. There is no more in question in this second case than an irregularity, as the disqualified man is not no unfortunate as Mr. Reed, as he escapes being held guilty of a corrupt practice.

Altogether our political situation is as mixed as ever. The Government is in office virtually without a majority. If the two vacant seats went against them the Government would be defeated, and a crisis reached. When Parliament meets next month, wigs will be on the green. There are whispers that charges will be made against the Government in connection with the offer of the Legislative Council seat. It is alleged in some quarters that the offer was improperly made, but such a question must await later notice.

The call for men is insistent. Great efforts are being made to induce young men to go to the front. The efforts are very successful, but there are still a proportion of our young eligibles who would appear to be more eager to charge an inoffensive pork butcher's shop than meet the enemy entrenched. Which is prelude to saying that the last week has witnessed some unwarranted attacks on naturalised citizens with German names. The unmeasured antipathy against the German nation for acts of brutality do us credit, but it is peculiarly un-British to punish innocent people for the sins of the guilty.

Our finances are buoyant, as shown by the Treasurer's national statement during the month. Unemployment is not rearing its ugly head, and altogether the state of the Dominion is such as to warrant us continuing the appellation of "The Fortunate Isles."

THE SILVER BULLET.

FINDING £10,000,000 A DAY.

The bare cost of prosecuting this war is so tremendous that we cannot at all grasp it, and, if we add to this cost the estimated loss of trade, damage to property, and pension charges, the stupendous total is beyond our wildest imagination. It is easy enough to talk in millions. Billions trip readily off the tongue, but it is practically impossible to realise the immensity of the sums about which we speak so lightly. It is only by comparison that we can arrive at an even partial understanding of the hugeness of the waste that is going on.

CASH COST AND TOTAL COST.

In the Franco-German war of 1870-71, the cash cost of the campaign was £180,000,000, but the total cost of the struggle was £546,000,000—that is to say the war credits (the money voted to prosecute the war) represented only one-third of the total cost of the war. The actual figures are interesting:—

FRANCE.

Credits for carrying on war, re-equipment and the like	£120,000,000
Requisitions and fines levied by Germans and destruction of property in the war	44,000,000
Capital value of war pensions	5,000,000
Indirect loss, omitting estimate for loss of life	262,000,000
Total for France	£431,000,000

GERMANY.

Credits for carrying on war and re-equipment	£60,000,000
Capital value of war pensions	5,000,000
Indirect losses omitting estimate for loss of life	50,000,000
Total for Germany	£115,000,000
Grand total cost of war	£546,000,000

In the present world-war the disproportion between the two classes of liability will probably be much more marked, owing to the far greater devastation wrought in Belgium, Northern France, East Prussia, Poland and Galicia, and the universal paralysation of industry throughout Europe. Assuming, however, that the conditions were equal, the estimated cost of £10,000,000 per day for war purposes would have to be multiplied by three

to ascertain the total cost of the war each day. £30,000,000 is a stupendous figure, not quite twice as great as the annual revenue of the entire Commonwealth!

The furious conflict has been going on for more than ten months, or, say, 300 days. To date, therefore, we may assume that at least £9,000,000,000 is by no means an over-estimate of the total cost of the war. A colossal waste of capital in which is included no estimate for loss of life and earning power, nothing for the huge expenditure of neutrals, nothing for the loss of trade neutrals must have sustained. Now the total national debts of all the European belligerents make a grand total of £4,774,000,000. Roughly, we may take it that when the war has gone on for another six months, the total indebtedness of the Powers at war will have been doubled, merely by the cash which they have had to find to carry on the war. By that time the entire cost of the war will have reached the unbelievable total of £12,600,000,000!

AUSTRALIA'S DEBT SWALLOWED IN A WEEK.

Australia has borrowed more money per head than any other country under the sun, except New Zealand. Her total indebtedness (£273,000,000) is greater than that of the United States! Yet in just a week the Moloch of war swallows a sum equal to our entire national debt! The annual income of the United Kingdom would just suffice to meet the total cost of one week of war, or would be just enough to carry it on for three weeks.

THE COST OF OTHER WARS.

The cash cost to Great Britain of the great Napoleonic wars was £830,000,000. Wars which with slight intermissions lasted for a quarter of a century. At the present rate, by the end of October this year, Great Britain will have had to find an equal amount in

cash, although the actual loss will of course be three times that sum. The total sum required by Great Britain to finance the Crimean war was £67,500,000, half of which sum Mr. Gladstone raised by taxation. The Boer war cost £250,000,000 in cash.

MUNITIONS THE DECIDING FACTOR.

It was confidently asserted when war broke out that so colossal would be the cost that victory must speedily lie with the Allies, whose financial resources were far greater than those of Germany. It is curious now to read the forecasts of experts who confidently predicted that six months would see Germany bankrupt. There is as yet no sign whatever that lack of funds, by any belligerent, will bring the war to a conclusion. The silver bullet may in the end decide the war, but it has not yet begun to get in its work. The ability to turn out munitions is at present of far greater importance than the paying for them.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

Staggered by the mighty sums being expended, one wonders how it is possible for the nations to keep up the pace. If these millions were being paid away to other parties the end would come—and very rapidly. Actually, however, what happens is that a Government borrows money from its subjects and spends that money on the purchase of material these subjects themselves make. That is to say, merchants, manufacturers and others lend the Government money which money the Government pays back to them for goods. That is going on in every country at war, but of all the belligerents Germany alone is spending practically every penny of borrowed money within her own borders. Great Britain has purchased vast supplies of ammunition and weapons in America, has bought wheat from Argentine, from Canada and the United States, has advanced money to Russia, to all the Dominions, has had to pay for huge quantities of material of all sorts from other countries. Oil and iron, copper and tin gathered from the uttermost

parts of the earth are pouring into her factories, being paid for out of the war loans.

THE "VICIOUS CIRCLE."

Germany, on the other hand, being entirely isolated, is compelled to put all the money she borrows into circulation amongst her own people; they get it all back, and, when necessity arises, the Government borrows it again. This is described by British critics as a "vicious circle," and no doubt it is, but the circle is so gigantic that the evil effects of it can hardly be felt until ordinary conditions again arise after the war is over and Germany must begin to purchase in the markets of the world. Until then, any depreciation of the mark cannot be felt by the Germans themselves, who, isolated as they are, cannot match a twenty mark piece against a golden sovereign, but can only judge of its value by its purchasing power in Germany. It is said to have depreciated 15 per cent.

A FORCED LOAN?

Much was written when the first war loan was raised in Germany about the methods employed to get in the money. It was pointed out that it was largely a forced loan to which companies and individuals had to subscribe, whether they would or no, and no doubt similar criticisms have been levelled against the manner in which the second loan was floated. Granting that all these statements of compulsion were correct, assuming that the Government only got the loan by, figuratively speaking, taking the moneyed Germans by the scruff of the neck, and compelling them to disgorge, the only thing which really matters is whether our foes actually succeeded in obtaining the sinews of war. Now of that there can be no doubt at all. The money was forthcoming. Whether under compulsion or voluntarily given really makes no difference; the Government got it, and is spending it on the wherewithal to carry on the war. Those who look to bankruptcy to end the war are leaning on as broken a reed as those who hope starvation will be our greatest ally.

ISOLATED RUSSIA.

Before giving details of the methods employed by the principal belligerents to raise the money needed to prosecute the war, I will just refer briefly to the position of Russia, because it has a very pertinent bearing upon recent events. Never since Russia stepped into European politics as a great power have the disabilities she labours under, owing to the lack of an ice-free port, been so vividly brought home to the world. We have the spectacle of the mightiest Empire on earth—so far as area and population goes practically landlocked. It is the irony of fate, if not a retributive justice, which makes England and France suffer for this state of things, at this critical juncture. Had Great Britain not consistently blocked Russia in her efforts to secure an ice-free port, the Russians instead of falling back before the victorious Germans, would be still secure in Pzemyśl, be firmly established on the plains of Hungary. Verily our sin has found us out! The inability to get supplies through to Russia has hampered the Allies since the outbreak of war, and the impossibility of marketing her produce has imperilled Russian finance, has apparently made it necessary for her Allies to carry her—financially—on their backs.

LOSS OF REVENUE.

The annual revenue of Russia is £260,000,000. The two chief items in this total are Customs (£28,000,000) and sale of vodka (£72,000,000). Both these sources have absolutely dried up since the war began. Russian exports in 1910 were worth £153,000,000; this year, being unable to export anything at all, her people have been unable to get this money save in the form of advances on a small percentage of the goods. It may be said that the people will be £72,000,000 richer owing to not having been able to spend that amount on vodka. That is, of course, true, but the folk who drank vodka are not the people who would subscribe to a war loan, whereas the owners of the goods awaiting export would contribute to it.

GERMAN EXPORTS.

Germany exports £398,000,000 worth of goods, which export is almost entirely stopped, and, at first sight, Germany would appear to be far more badly hit owing to her isolation than would Russia. Russians, however, export raw products only, grain and the like, whereas Germans export manufactured articles. In the former case the farmer depends for his existence on the sale of perishable goods, in the latter the manufacturer stops producing all the more easily because a large number of his hands have gone to the front.

FREEING RUSSIAN GOODS.

The position then in Russia is that this year the exchequer will only receive a little over half what it received last year, and, owing to the paralysation of international trade, money must be very tight indeed. At the conference between the Finance Ministers of the three Allies in Paris last February it appeared that Great Britain had advanced Russia £32,000,000, and was prepared to advance her much more. Lloyd George announced that the immense purchases of war materials she was making would not be in any way hampered through lack of funds, but he also intimated that attention was to be given at once to the freeing of the Russian export trade from "its present disability," and that once this was done the necessity of further foreign borrowing on a large scale would be removed. This "freeing" was promptly attempted, and we witnessed the vain bombardment of the Dardanelles by unsupported ships for two months, a fiasco which must have greatly chagrined the Russian Minister of Finance.

LACK OF MUNITIONS.

Deprived of her Polish factories, with the industrial centres of Libau and Riga in the enemy's hands, small wonder that Russia has been compelled to purchase what her army needs in England, France and America. The material has been bought, but the powerful forts along the Narrows still bar their entrance, and, starved for ammunition and guns, the Russian armies are fall-

ing back everywhere. The hitch at the Dardanelles has postponed the end of the war by much more than the three months we have been hammering at the Turks. For whilst this has been going on the Germans and Austrians have won positions it will take many months to dislodge them from.

FINANCIAL UNREADINESS.

The financial position of, at any rate, two of the Allies when war broke out was admittedly bad. France's budget showed a large deficit, which obviously would be greatly increased by the outlay involved in the return to three years' military service. This gap between revenue and outgoings could only be filled by a very substantial loan. It will be remembered, however, that M. Barthou's Government which drew up the scheme for the loan was overthrown, and, in addition, to a very grave financial crisis, France had to face a political one of the first magnitude. Instead of grasping the nettle, which would have involved a frank statement of the somewhat parlous condition of Gallic finances, the new Government, under the direction of the astute but political financier, M. Caillaux, borrowed an insignificant sum under unfavourable circumstances, a patchwork business altogether. The result was that on the outbreak of hostilities France had muddled away the greatest advantage she possessed over Germany—superiority of financial resources. The enemy, on the other hand, had admittedly manipulated their funds with skill and success.

A SERIOUS POSITION.

The awkward position in which France found herself reacted naturally on Russia, and further aggravated the serious position there. Russia had deposited considerable sums of gold in different countries for the service of foreign loans, and to pay for Government orders for military and naval supplies in those countries. Thanks to the moratorium declared in Britain and France directly diplomatic negotiations were broken off, these Russian funds were all tied up. Whether the French banks should have taken advantage of the law and suspended payment is a

delicate question. Anyhow they did so, with most serious results to Russia. These banks had lent some £20,000,000 to Russia, where the rate of interest is higher than in France, and although the Russian debtors were perfectly solvent, and desired to refund the money they could not do so, as it was all in Russian currency, and all international exchange was suspended. This tangled up state of affairs continued until the conference of Finance Ministers in Paris during February, already referred to.

HOW RUSSIA WAS HELPED.

It was this unfortunate financial muddle, combined with the blocking of Russian food exports and the great loss in revenue owing to the prohibition of the sale of vodka, which has caused the ruinous drop in the exchange rate of the rouble, a drop which at times has exceeded 25 per cent. That is to say, instead of being worth 2s., a rouble is now only worth 1s. 6d. The arrangements made by the Finance Ministers were all based upon the assumption that ere long Russia would be able to realise her potential wealth—the grain and other foodstuffs stored in granaries and elevators waiting export. Credits were opened for her in the Bank of England for £40,000,000, of which sum £8,000,000 were shipped from Petrograd in gold. In addition, Britain and France raised a loan for her of £50,000,000, to enable her to continue her purchases of munitions of war, in Canada, in the United States, in England and in France.

£1,385,000 A DAY.

Obviously however, this will not help Russia to meet her internal deficits. To do that she must raise money within the Tsardom. This £90,000,000 provided by credit and loan in February should prove sufficient to enable Russia to buy all she needs abroad, especially as but a small portion of these purchases can as yet be got into the country. The Controller of State Expenses in Russia estimates that the daily cost of the war is £1,385,000. To meet this outlay loans of £258,000,000 have been sanctioned. With a gold fund of £170,910,000 the Treasury holds a

metal reserve of 57.07 per cent. as cover for the issue of notes, of which there are £200,000,000 worth in circulation. At present France and England are sending gold to Argentina, to the United States, and to other neutrals to secure foodstuffs which could be almost entirely provided by Russia. The Tsardom's financial salvation clearly lies in getting these supplies to market, and receiving gold in return therefor.

LACK OF SHIPS.

The forcing of the Dardanelles cannot immediately bring relief, for the difficulty of finding transports for the wheat lying at Black Sea ports must be great. At least half of Russia's own ships are trapped in the Baltic. The disappearance of all enemy vessels reduces the world's merchant shipping by 14 per cent. The British Admiralty is now said to have requisitioned almost a third of the total tonnage flying our flag, which further reduces the world's merchant shipping by one-sixth. Not only is there a terrible shortage of ships. Of the seamen available for the mercantile marine, 15 per cent. have been obliged to quit the service, being enemy aliens or allies who had to ren-

der military service. It is quite clear therefore that something will need to be done by the Governments concerned to make Russia's supplies available. The ordinary laws of supply and demand will break down in this extraordinary situation.

The value of the foodstuffs awaiting transportation can be gauged when we learn that there are no less than 33,000,000 quarters of wheat alone available for exportation. Reckoning that wheat will now bring at least 6s. a bushel—the finest quality only is reserved for export—the value of this single community must be pretty nearly £75,000,000!

It is exceedingly difficult for those on the spot to ascertain the various arrangements which the belligerents have made to meet the financial situation, and the methods they have adopted in raising money. The task becomes well nigh impossible here in Australia, cut off as it is from the rest of the world, and but poorly supplied with those neutral papers which tell the true story. This explains why the following accounts of the measure taken by the different Powers are rather incomplete.

GREAT BRITAIN'S ARRANGEMENTS.

Great Britain had to provide money not only for herself. She had to finance the Dominions, advance funds to Russia, provide the wherewithal for the Belgian Government to carry on and pay the interest on the Belgian debt. Serbia did not look to her in vain. Roumania was helped, and the Egyptian cotton crop had to be financed. In order to meet the cost of the Crimean war Mr. Gladstone raised £32,000,000 by loan and £35,500,000 by taxation. To meet the cost of the Napoleonic wars Pitt and his successors raised £440,000,000 by loan and £391,000,000 by taxation. Lloyd George estimated that the first eight months of this war would cost £339,571,000, and to meet it he proposed to raise £18,250,000 by taxation and £321,321,000 by loan.

In November last a war loan of £350,000,000 was asked for, and there

was a splendid response. It was offered at 95, and bears $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest, is, therefore, actually a 4 per cent. security. The amounts were £100, £200, £500 and £1000 in inscribed stock or bonds to bearer, at the option of subscribers. Instalments of 10 per cent. were to be paid every fortnight, and the last one in July. If not previously redeemed, the loan is redeemable in 1928. The issue was made exceedingly attractive, quite the most remarkable feature being the arrangement with the Bank of England. Up to March 1, 1918, the Bank will lend on the loan taken at the price of issue, without margin, at 1 per cent. under the current bank rate. This means of course that directly the Bank rate falls below 5 per cent. subscribers to the war loan can make a profit. For instance, assume the bank rate $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., the Bank would lend subscribers to the loan the

full amount of their holding at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., a clear half per cent. profit, and more of course if the bank rate drops further. It is reported that almost £700,000,000 were applied for, and Mr. Lloyd George rejoiced that there were such an "enormous number" of small applicants, nearly 100,000, as compared with about 25,000 who applied for the last loan during the Boer war. But even 100,000 seems very small compared to the 2,691,000 Germans who applied for the last war loan in the Kaiserdom.

It should be noted that of the £332,500,000 which the loan produced, £10,000,000 went to liquidate advances already made to Belgium, and £800,000 for advances to Serbia. £34,000,000 were devoted to meeting the demands of Canada, New Zealand, Australia and South Africa. According to Mr. Lloyd George's Budget statement the total advances made to the Allies and the Dominions were £100,000,000. In the early days, of course, Britain financed the war by means of Treasury Bills, which the loan liquidated.

HOW FRANCE MET THE CRISIS.

The thrift of the French people is proverbial, and their accumulated savings amount to a gigantic sum, so that actually France is well able to carry on a long war, and successfully bear great financial strain. At the same time, as already mentioned, she found herself at the outbreak of war in a rather awkward position. The Budget announced in February, 1914, disclosed the disquieting fact that a deficit of £12,000,000 was anticipated during 1914. In addition, owing to the extension of the period of military service from two to three years, further great sums had to be raised. To adequately meet the situation, a loan of at least £100,000,000 seemed inevitable. Divergence of opinion as to how this loan was to be raised, and what additional taxation had to be imposed, wrecked three Ministries, but finally M. Viviani succeeded in getting together a coalition Government which decided on a military loan of £60,000,000, but only actually issued one for £32,000,000, at the end of June.

It is highly improbable that M. Viviani would have been able to retain office very long, for he would inevitably have had to introduce unpopular measures for clearing up the financial muddle into which national affairs had been allowed to drift. The comparatively small loan of £32,000,000 was very greatly over-subscribed, thanks largely to a newspaper campaign in its favour, which made it appear that to get the amount actually required it would be necessary for subscribers to

apply for three or four times as much. Whatever the cause, over £100,000,000 were offered, but, in spite of that, shortly after allotment the stock was being quoted on 'Change below the issue price. Owing to the moratorium and the upset due to the war there appears to have been some difficulty in getting in the payments as they became due, and it is generally assumed that this loan will in some way be incorporated in the general war loan shortly to be issued.

Although the French Government failed to get £20,000,000 from American banks last August, it has experienced no difficulty in obtaining advances with which to meet the cost of the war. It borrowed £107,440,000 in August, £33,680,000 in September, and £35,640,000 in October, and although the exact figures are not available it has presumably borrowed from £30,000,000 to £50,000,000 monthly since then. The Bank of France, in fulfilment of its duty to the State, has provided a large proportion of these sums by effecting a corresponding increase in its note circulation. In due course the Government securities held against the issue of notes will be replaced by the savings of the people, either in the form of cash or securities. The Bank has a gold reserve of £170,000,000, and is altogether in a strong position.

It was expected that the war loan would be issued in March, but apparently, for good and sufficient reasons, the Government has not yet found it

advisable to appeal to the nation for funds. When it is issued it is generally understood that it will be in the form of ten-year bonds, bearing interest at 5 per cent., and offered at 96.50. Obviously to cover the borrowings since the beginning of the war, it will have to be for at least £400,000,000.

It is interesting to note, in passing, that French investments in Germany and Austria reach the respectable total of £150,000,000. Not a large amount in view of the nation's total savings, although the suspension of dividends will reduce the national income by some seven or eight millions per annum.

THE GERMAN WAR LOANS.

Naturally the financial arrangements which interest us the most are those which have been made by our enemies, for when the war started our experts predicted that money would become increasingly scarce in Germany, that the lack of it would be one of the great factors in bringing the struggle to an end. Thus far, at any rate, there are no signs of this anticipated shortage, no indications that the German nation will give in owing to lack of funds. By the help of neutral papers I have been able to get together a good deal of information about the way in which the Germans met the crisis, and, in view of the importance of obtaining an accurate knowledge of the actual state of the domestic economy of our formidable antagonist, I give the particulars at some length.

Everyone knows of course about the golden store at Spandau, which directly war was declared was transferred to the vaults of the Reichbank. The accumulated gold reserve amounted to £12,000,000, the original deposit of £6,000,000, taken from the French indemnity of 1871, having been steadily added to every year. This money was undoubtedly of great value during mobilisation and in the early days of the war. To bridge the gap between the exhaustion of this money and the launching of the war loan, Germany, like England, France and, in fact, all the Powers engaged in the struggle, issued Treasury Bills, which were liquidated when the war loan money became available.

Unlike the other participants in the struggle, the Germans did not declare a moratorium, but to tide individuals over the financial crisis they established loan banks all over the country, private

concerns with, as is usual there, some Governmental backing. These banks advanced very generously on all manner of securities, stocks of every description, land and property of all sorts. Whilst a good deal of ridicule has been made of these banks in the Allied press, bankers and financial experts in neutral countries appear to consider that the scheme was a masterly one. That is not a matter to discuss in this article, which does not venture to criticise "high finance," merely chronicles what was actually done.

The first war loan was floated in Germany towards the end of December. It was a double-barelled affair. A milliard marks (£50,000,000) being asked for on short loan, and an equal amount or as much more as was subscribed, redeemable in 1931. The issue price was 97.50, the interest was 5 per cent. Ten days were allowed for subscription. The payments were spread over three months, the last being due on December 22. The applications for the short dated loan reached a total of 1,339,726,600 marks (£66,986,330), those for the loan maturing in 1931 amounted to 3,121,001,300 marks (£156,050,065). The short loan, as mentioned above, was a limited one, but all subscribers to the long one were clearly told that no matter how numerous were the applications, everyone would be accepted, the loan being unlimited. Actually the amount over-subscribed for the short loan, viz., about £17,000,000, was added to the long loan, for applicants, for no less than 532,900,000 marks in the former, declared their willingness to accept allotment in either the short or the long loan should subscriptions to the first exceed the amount asked for by the Government. In all, therefore, the first

German war loan realised 4,460,728,900 marks (£223,036,445).

Bearing in mind that only half that amount was really asked for, and that the subscription lists were open for but ten days, one would be inclined to discount somewhat the assertions that this was a "compulsory loan." I have not been able to obtain exact particulars as to the number of subscribers, although all neutral accounts place these well over a million—1,250,000 might, I think, be taken as fairly accurate; 75 per cent. of these applied for less than £100 worth of stock. The Germans have therefore some justification for their announcement that the entire population responded with alacrity to the call of the Government.

The second loan was issued in February, and, like the first, was unlimited.

It also carried 5 per cent., but the price was a point higher, 98.50 instead of 97.50. The instalments were spread over six months, not three, and the days allowed for subscription were twenty, as against the ten of the previous issue. In order to facilitate small subscriptions being remitted all the post offices, savings banks, insurance companies, as well as ordinary banks, were empowered to receive applications. The exceedingly simple and cheap arrangements for remitting money through the post office in Germany were fully utilised. The result of the appeal for funds to carry on the war was the greatest war loan that has ever been floated in the world. No less than 9,060,000,000 marks (£453,000,000) were raised. Every subscriber knew that he would have allotted to him exactly the amount he applied for, and again the entire people appear to have participated.

Applicants could select either Public Debt Bonds (*Reichsanleiher*) or Imperial Exchequer Bonds (*Reichsschatzanweisungen*), the former inconvertible and redeemable in 1924, the latter redeemable in four instalments, namely, in June 1921, July 1921, January 1922, and July 1922. £100,000,000 of the second loan was utilised to liquidate Treasury Bonds issued since the first loan had been exhausted. The Government accepted from subscribers, in

addition to cash, 4 per cent. Treasury Bonds, which were falling due on April 1, and Treasury Bills which fell due during the twenty days the subscription list was open. In addition loan bank bonds were taken.

The last-named bonds, to the value of £40,000,000, were paid in by subscribers to the first loan, and this has been pointed out by our financiers as being a very weak point in the loan flotation. It appears, however, that these bonds had all been liquidated before the last instalment was due from subscribers. The same will no doubt happen with the last loan. I have not been able to ascertain how much of the money paid in was in gold, how much in notes. We do know, however, that the total note issue at the end of March was £246,000,000, obviously, therefore, much the greater portion of the money subscribed must have been in gold.

The following figures of gold deposit and notes issued by the Reichsbank are interesting. The figures are in millions of pounds:—

Date.	Gold Reserve.	State Bonds and Loan Bank Bonds.	Bills Discounted.	Notes in Circulation.	Deposits.
July 23-14	67.8	3.2	37.5	94.5	47.2
July 31-14	62.6	1.7	104.0	100.4	62.9
Aug. 31-14	77.8	9.1	237.5	211.7	122.0
Sept. 30-14	85.8	16.8	237.8	224.5	117.5
Oct. 31-14	92.9	43.5	138.7	208.5	65.2
Nov. 30-14	99.5	37.1	146.6	210.2	69.8
Dec. 31-14	104.6	43.7	196.8	252.3	87.8
Jan. 30-15	108.1	13.2	189.2	232.9	72.6
Feb. 27-15	113.5	10.8	204.7	243.1	79.1
Mar. 6-15	114.7	10.2	213.0	245.2	85.6
Mar. 25-15	115.8	9.3	221.8	246.8	94.8

The sudden increase in the gold reserve during August is due of course to the transfer of the golden horde from Spandau. Notes are apparently issued to about twice the value of the gold reserve held. It is very noticeable that loan bank bonds paid in when the first loan was issued were speedily liquidated.

In all there were 2,691,060 applications to the second loan. Of these 1,694,359 were for £50 and less, and realised £46,450,000; 911,223 subscribers applied for from £50 to £500 worth of stock, amounting in all to £157,200,000, and there were 85,478 applications for £500 to £50,000 worth

of bonds, realising £240,350,000. Applications received by the banks amounted to £307,850,000, by the savings banks £98,850,000, by the loan banks £46,300,000. What arrange-

ments Germany has made by the increase of ordinary taxation, to meet the deficit due to the disappearance of all revenue from the custom house, neutral papers do not disclose.

THE BULGARIAN LOAN.

The most interesting financial arrangements of countries who are still neutral are those of Bulgaria. Before the war began the Bulgarian Government made a very one-sided arrangement with the Disconto Gesellschaft of Berlin for a loan of 500,000,000 francs (£20,000,000). Half of this sum was to be paid over in instalments not later than August 1 of this year, the other half was to be paid within two years of that date. The loan had to be amortised in fifty years. As security, the lenders had the surplus of stamp duties, the income on the cigarette paper monopoly, the taxes on stamped documents, and the customs receipts. The interest it bears is 5 per cent., and the rate at which it was issued was 89. The first instalment of 120,000,000 francs was paid last year, and of this sum 28,000,000 francs went to the Russian Asiatic Bank to liquidate treasury bonds, and 30,000,000 to the Austro-Hungarian Bank for the same purpose. The Bank of Bulgaria got 50,000,000, nothing like enough, however, to pay the States debt to the institution, which now amounts to 149,000,000 francs.

A second payment has been made since the war broke out. After further treasury bonds have been redeemed the balance of the loan will be used to construct a port and harbour at Lagos, on the Ægean, and to build a railway thereto from Michaelovo. We are told that this loan has no political significance—is a purely business transaction. Obviously Bulgaria, beggared by the two Balkan wars, found the greatest difficulty in raising money to carry on with. No financial institution but the German banks would advance any money, and before these would part with any gold they exacted their pound of flesh. Had the other Powers been able to foresee this war they would have fallen over each other in their

anxiety to place Bulgaria under as substantial an obligation to them as she now is to Germany.

After examining the onerous terms of the agreement concerning the loan, one feels that Bulgaria would almost be justified in going to war to cancel it! The Disconto Gesellschaft, by the way, is composed of a group of banks 68 per cent. German, 25 per cent. Austrian, and the balance divided between Swiss, Dutch, Belgian and Bulgarian banks. This combination not only lent Bulgaria money on excellent terms but it also obtained notable concessions. First of all, the coal mines at Pernik and Boborodol, belonging to the State, are ceded to the Gesellschaft. They yield an annual net revenue of 1,300,000 francs. The State further binds itself to purchase annually 150,000 tons of coal from these mines at 20 per cent. above cost price. Not only does the State borrow the money from the Disconto Gesellschaft to construct the railway line and harbour, it also entrusts it with the work of construction, and undertakes to purchase all materials needed from the combine, which is to receive a premium of 10 per cent. on all work done, and on all material supplied. The final straw, however, is that the State agrees that during the fifty years the loan has to run it will order everything needed for the said railway and harbour works from the Gesellschaft! Such a one-sided arrangement can only be explained by the assumption that Bulgaria, hat in hand, could obtain money nowhere else.

THE POOR NEUTRALS.

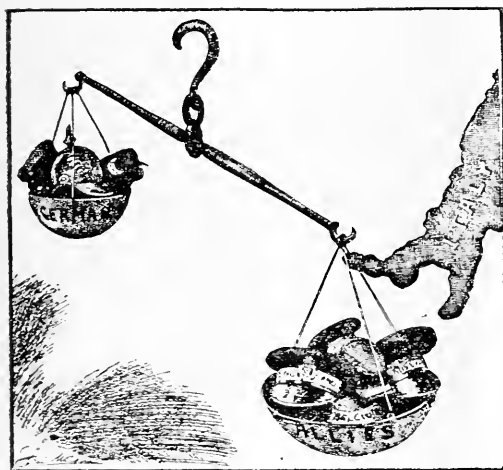
Lack of space prevents any reference here to the way in which the poor neutrals have had to raise money to meet the heavy expense to which the war has put them.

HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN CARICATURE.

Oh, wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us.—Burns.

Owing to an unfortunate circumstance we are unable this month to give as many British cartoons as usual, and there are therefore comparatively few of them in the following pages to balance those from German and Austrian papers which we have been able to get together. These are, at any rate, interesting, if rather venomous and

lacking in either originality or wit. As is so often the case the cleverest cartoons come from the United States, and the first we reproduce splendidly hits off the Italian decision to "step in." Italian intervention forms the subject of many cartoons, but the reader must bear in mind that they were all drawn at least a month before Italy declared war. The Italians themselves ridicule the attitude of their own Government more than do any of the caricaturists of other countries. *Kladderadatsch* shows France and Britain imploring Italy to break her alliance, for loyalty, they say, is only another of those ridiculous inventions of the barbarous Germans. *Pasquino* regards the late Premier Giolitti as a paid agent of the other members of the Triple Alliance. The forcing of the

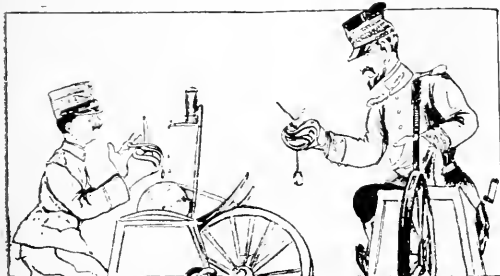


[Inquirer.]

[Philadelphia.]

"ALL READY TO STEP IN."

The position of Italy in relation to the Allies.



[Numero.]

[Turin.]

ITALY AND ROUMANIA GET READY.

KING FERDINAND: "My dear Victor, if we go on sharpening our swords much longer there will be nothing left of them."



[Kladderadatsch.]

[Berlin.]

FRANCE: "Oh, come along with us. The word 'Loyalty' is another ridiculous invention of the barbarous Germans."



[Fischietto.] [Turin.]
TURKISH INSULTS INCITE ITALY TO
RENOUNCE ITS NEUTRALITY.



[Pasquino.] [Turin.]
GIOLITTI.
Commercial Traveller for the Triplice.

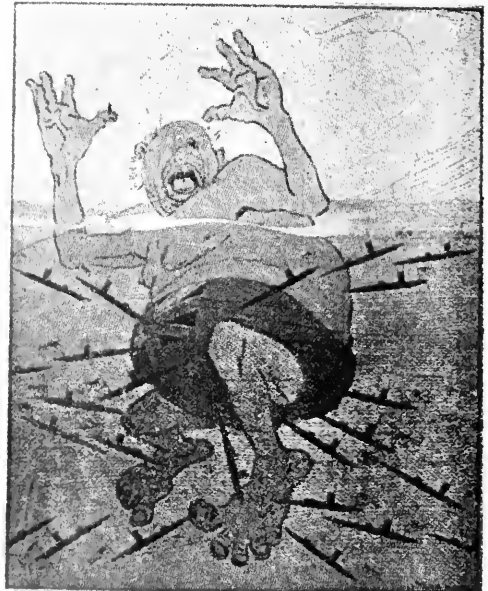
Dardanelles and the submarine blockade of Great Britain naturally claim much attention. *Jugend* and *Ulk* produce very similar cartoons, but the

latter evidently tries to show that Russia hopes the attempt of her Allies to reach Constantinople will fail, wishing herself to be the first to enter Stam-



[Pasquino.] [Turin.]
DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.

If intervention is further delayed, Italy will find there is nothing left of the Turkish cake but crumbs.

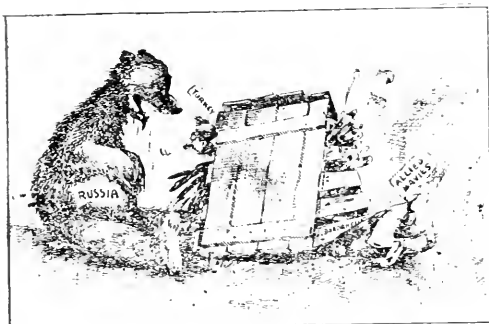


[Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.]
THE BEGINNING OF THE BATHING SEASON,
FEB. 18th, 1915.



Eagle. [Brooklyn.
TURKEY: "Ah, but see how I'm nicking the axe!"

boul. The Brooklyn *Eagle's* drawing is not only clever, it is humorous, which



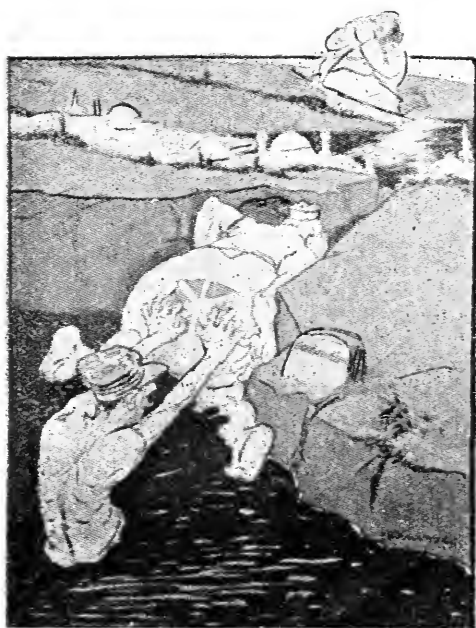
Register and Leader. Des Moines.
TURKEY GLANCING INTO ITS FUTURE.

is more than can be said of most of those we reproduce this month. It is curious that whilst all the German papers depict Englishmen as being long, weedy and thin, with prominent teeth, they stick to the conventional John Bull, but exaggerate and caricature him unmercifully. It is not surprising to find them making the very most they can of the submarine blockade, but there are as yet no signs of the hopeless funk which they are pleased to imagine is Great Britain's state



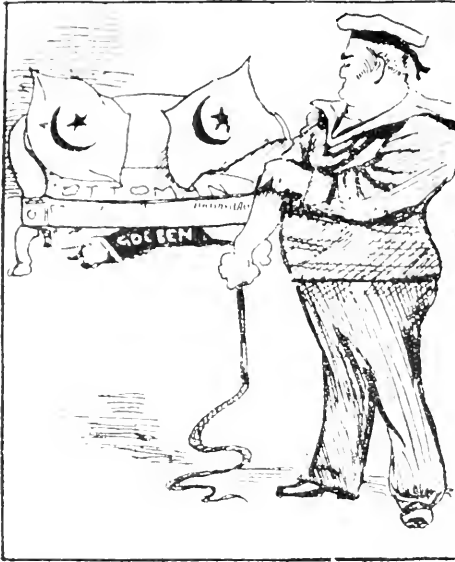
Jugend. [Munich.
JOHN BULL IN THE DARDANELLES.

ENVER PASHA: "Let him go in, and when his head is fast we will attack him from behind."



Ulk. [Berlin.
PRAYER OF THE RUSSIAN FRIEND.

IVAN: "Oh! holy Andreus, beseech Allah, that he does not let them through!"



Numero.]

[Turin.

THE SNEAKING DOG.

GOEBEN: "Where next shall I find a refuge from the storm?"

There is a welcome contrast between the work of the Indian artist in the *Hindi Punch* and that of the German



Sun.]

[New York.

THE DESCENDING CRESCENT.

Apropos of the present situation in the Dardanelles.

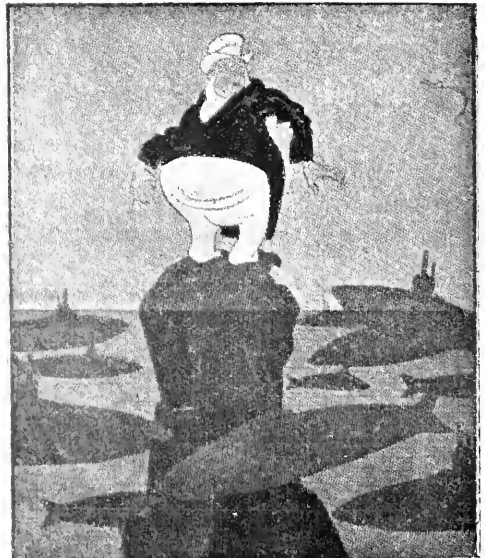
in *Jugend*. The most sinister comment on the situation comes from the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, which shows Ger-



Kladderadatsch.]

[Berlin.

THE FRIENDLY TURK: "Wouldn't you like to have some more teeth drawn, gentlemen?"



Simplicissimus.]

[Munich.

BRITAIN'S SPLENDID ISOLATION.



[Hindi Punch.]

THROTTLING—OR, IN THE FIRM GRASP OF
THE BRITISH JACK TAR.

many's invisible hand stretching out
under the ocean. It is, however, the
British use of neutral flags which has



[Jugend.]

[Munich.

THE ENGLISH SEA LORD.

"These beastly U boats. I ought to have
painted my body with neutral colours."



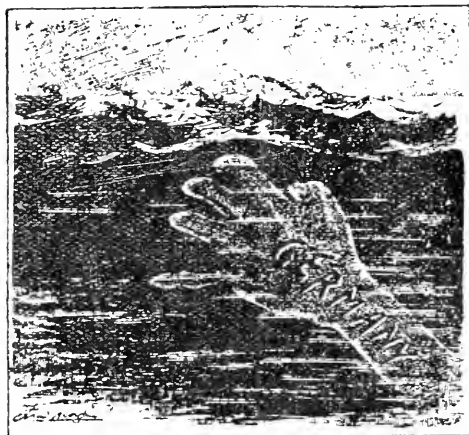
[Jugend.]

[Munich.

ENGLISH THREATS.

He who paints on the wall the spectre of hunger
may himself be seized by its pangs. -

given the German cartoonists the great-
est delight of all. Here, indeed, was
a noble opportunity to ridicule John
Bull, to show him cowering in all sorts
of garments, seeking shelter for him-
self, no matter what the other nations



[Inquirer.]

[Philadelphia.

"DEUTSCHLAND UNTER ALLES."



[Kladderatsch.]

[Berlin.]

UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES.

"How well the World is arranged! France has her cathedrals, and I have the neutral flags as protection."



[Die Muskete.]

[Vienna.]

THE BLOCKADE: FEBRUARY 18th, 1915.



[Lustige Blätter.]

[Berlin.]

AFTER FEBRUARY 18th.

JOHN BULL: "Now my costume is complete. Mexican cowboy trousers, Dutch clogs, Stars and Stripes waistcoat, Spanish coat, Bersaglieri hat, Chinese umbrella, Norwegian Reindeer, . . . and now I will see if Germany dares to touch me!"



[Simplicissimus.]

[Munich.]

JOHN BULL AT THE FANCY DRESS SHOP

"What costume shall I wear so that no one will know me?"

"Why not go as a gentleman?"



Simplicissimus.

[Munich

CHURCHILL'S FLAG TRICK.

BRIANNIA: "I dare not go out in these shabby clothes."
CHURCHILL: "Very well, steal some better ones!"



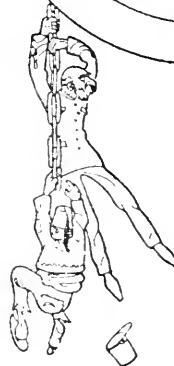
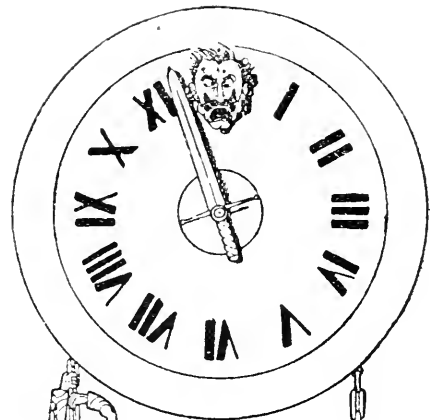
Lustige Blätter.

[Berlin.

JOHN BULL AT CALAIS.

FRANCE: "It looks as if that Bully is installed here for ever."

thought and said of the use he made of their flags. *Lustige Blätter* is especially industrious in its attempts to show that England is trampling on the rights of all neutrals, and has become a bully towards her own Allies. *Le Rire* has rather a 'cute cartoon—"The Time is Near"—which is a good deal lighter than those the paper has been publishing since the war broke out, which deal chiefly with inhuman atrocities the Germans are shown committing. The resentment of the Germans against America for supplying such huge quantities of munitions of war to the Allies finds echo in the humorous (?) papers. Bethlehem (U.S.A.) is one of the greatest centres



Le Rire.

[Paris.

THE HOUR APPROACHES.



Lustige Blätter.

[Berlin.

THE PRIZE GRABBER.

"How long are you going to let that fellow step on your corns?"

for the production of war material the Americans have. The German papers are not alone in pointing out that, whilst the Allies are all engaged, Japan is doing what she will with China. The



Ulk.

IN DARKEST LONDON.

[Berlin.

"Look out there, James! Your cigar is far too bright."

American cartoonists say so with no uncertain pencils, and even the Dutch *Amsterdammer*, which is usually pro-

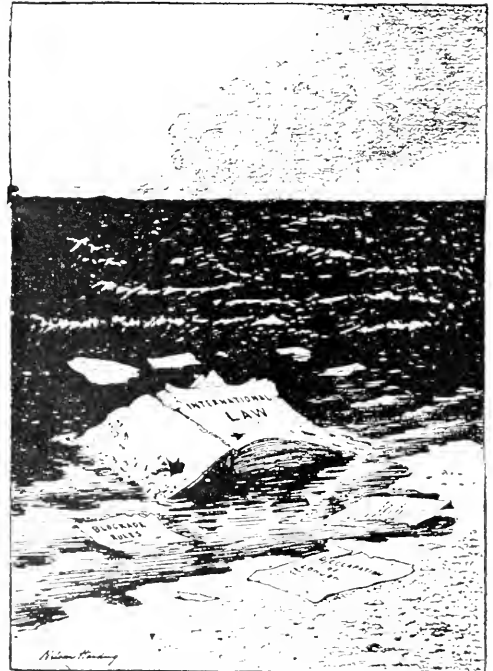


Kladderadatsch.

[Berlin.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM U.S.A.

The Allies' rulers hasten to Bethlehem with their treasure.



Eagle.

[Brooklyn.

LAW IS "FLOTSAM" IN WAR TIME.



[Uk.]

JAPAN AND CHINA.

[Berlin.

JAPAN: "I am not going to eat it yet; I am only cracking its bones!"

Allies, cannot resist the temptation of rubbing the fact in.



[Jugend.]

[Munich.

JAPAN IN THE CHINESE FIELD.

"The harvest is good. I invite you all to the harvest celebrations."

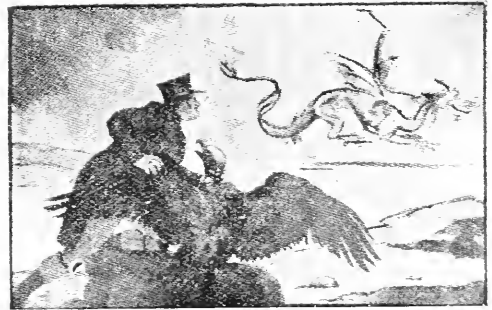


Kladderatsch.

[Berlin.

BEFORE THE HOTEL "EAST ASIA."

"Dear Sirs, may I take away your trunks?"



De Amsterdamer.

THE ANIMAL-TAMER IN DISTRESS.

JOHN BILL: "That's a fine thing! I have taught my Japanese jockey to ride nicely in English fashion, and there he goes with the Chinese dragon, while I've got my hands full here!"



[De Amsterdammer.]

RATIONS: 200 GRAMMES PER DAY
MICHEL: "Just a little tighter!"



[Lustige Blätter.]

OUR HERCULES.
"Out of East Prussia."

[Berlin]



[Numero.]

[Turin.]

THE AUSTRIAN EMPEROR: "What is that white?"
CHIEF OF STAFF: "The snow, your Majesty."
"And the red?"
"Italian blood."
"And the green?"
"The Adriatic Sea, Sire."
"Horrible! White, red, green—a terrible omen!"
[The Italian flag is red, white and green.]



[Lustige Blätter.]

(Berlin.)

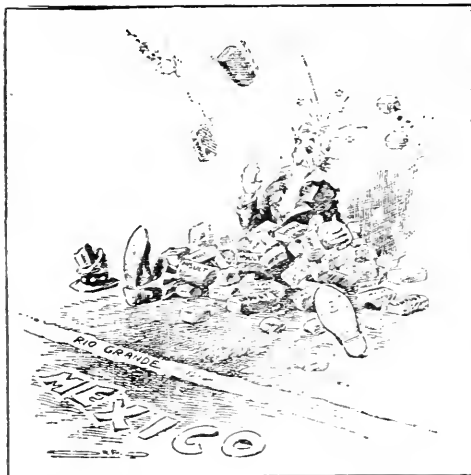
THE LATEST FROM THE RUSSIAN
STEAM-ROLLER.

"It won't go; we must oil it."



[Inquirer.] [Philadelphia.
YOUR UNCLE GETS IT COMING AND GOING.

home which have consistently opposed every suggestion about the reduction of the hours in which drink can be sold,



[Tennessean.] [Nashville.
"BETTER NOT GO TOO FAR, I MIGHT LOSE MY TEMPER."

are now clamouring for drastic reforms. The last paper one would have expected to fall in line on the anti-drink side is the Paris *Le Rire*. It however, publishes a cartoon showing a French soldier wringing the neck of an eagle, whilst below is a broken absinthe bottle and a dead paroquet. It is impossible to translate the title which plays on the words strangling and swallowing. In France the deadly absinthe is known as green paroquet.



[Le Rire.] [Paris.
THE SUPPRESSION OF ABSINTHE.
It is better to strangle an eagle than to swallow a green paroquet.

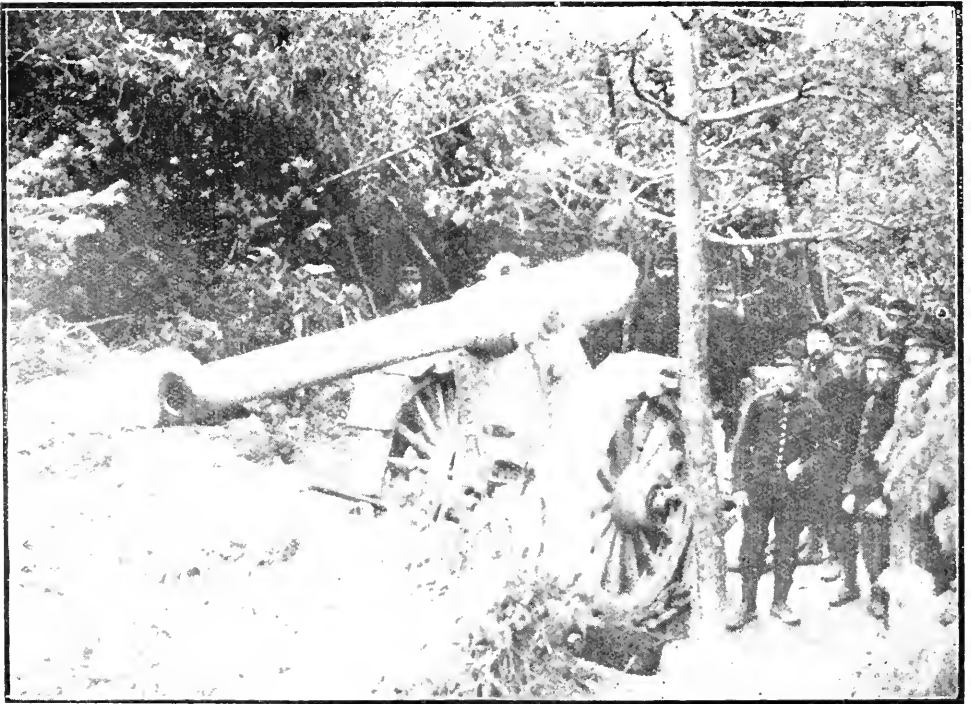


[Le Rire.] [Paris.
IN THE TRENCHES.
"Say, old man, don't snore so loud you prevent my sleeping!"



A DECORATED FRENCH GUN.

It has been found that guns decorated in the primary colours are invisible to airmen. The above piece was "decorated" by a well-known French artist serving at the front.



IN THE VOSGES.

A French "Long Tom" in the woods. Inmense difficulty is experienced in getting these weapons up the steep hills and through the dense woods of the Vosges district.

WITH THE RUSSIANS.

No one has given us a better account of the actual state of affairs on the Russian battle fronts than Mr. R. E. C. Long. He is eminently qualified to write on the Russians, for he lived for many years amongst them before settling in Berlin. We visited the Tsar's Empire for the first time together, but he remained behind at Moscow whilst I went on to Constantinople, the Balkans and through Italy home. He describes the local people as very hopeful, and knowing more about the actual conditions than people in England. Writing in *The Fortnightly*, he says:—

They see and hear the best qualified Russian officers bear testimony to the good leadership, unsurpassed courage, undiminished faith of the foe. This, in measuring Russia's resistance work, brings higher optimism than the optimism of the British Press, which prints in scare letters that the Germans have no boots and want to surrender, and adds in some obscure corner that the Germans have expelled the Tenth Army from East Prussia, and are hammering confidently at Warsaw's gates.

Of Warsaw—that intellectual puzzle—he gives a most interesting account. The city he says knows even less than Petrograd knows of the operations outside its doors. To real perils of war, which are very near, there is no visible reaction. Daily down the Nowy Swiat and Cracow Przedmiestie tramp regiments of shaggy, broad-faced men, plainly half from Asia. Trains of transport carts—*obozi*—spoil the city's cleanliness.

The military authorities, in complete control, do nothing to emphasise the war's nearness. The city is brilliantly lighted, pleasantly contrasting with London; and there is no rule against going out at night. Bars, cabarets, and such institutions are closed, not by army order, but because drink may not be sold. The prohibition is absolute; it includes even beer; and it is well observed—allowing for human nature and a reserve of the spirituous furniture polish, of which three citizens died this week.

In society the airy Polono-Latin spirit survives. Ruined landowners arrive with a thousand roubles in cash, and piles of German Promises to Pay for requisitioned grain; and when they have gambled these away (the requisition notes at a third of their face value), they gamble away the ashes of their houses and their trench-ploughed acres. I heard of aristocratic

refugees dancing in a shell-threatened chateau on the Lodz road. One gets the impression that war is an exciting, romantic thing, potent in quickening city life, unlike the ugly inventions of our Press.

Mr. Long confirms what American correspondents have written about the unity of the command of the Germans and Austrians. He gives many instances of ruses put in force along the whole battle front on the same day:—

In the night attacks are tried some clever stratagems. During my first visit, from a distance of ten miles behind the firing line, one could see at night a wide arc of horizon glaring from illumination rockets and search lights, and hear a tremendous mixed roar of rifle and artillery fire and the explosions of grenades and shells. This meant a night attack. Wounded men who streamed in next morning nearly always had stories of ruses by which the enemy sought to gain local advantages. When the defenders are used to one device they are surprised with another. Usually the night attack is signalled with a single rocket; after this up go illumination rockets in great numbers, making daylight over our trenches; and when the attack is well forward search-lights are turned on in order to dazzle the infantry, make them shoot blindly, and hamper them in bayonet work. During the January night attack fever, this programme was tried on successive nights. Our men got used to it, and, though hampered by the glare, fought with success. On the seventh or eighth night came the usual attack preliminaries. The Russians reinforced the threatened trenches. In the belief that the Germans, as usual, were creeping through the dark belt under the search-light beams, rifle and machine-guns were turned on. The enemy did not appear. Simultaneously, about a mile to the north, without signals, illumination rockets, or search-lights, the Germans, in close order, hurled themselves against a quiescent position and captured trenches which had to be retaken at dawn. At exactly the same hour this surprise manoeuvre was executed twenty miles south on the Rawka line, and again on the Lower Nida, where feint night attacks, with brilliant illumination, had been made during the preceding week. The ruse was tried by different tactical units, even by different armies. It is plain that the General Staff is not above working out homogeneous surprise tactics for the whole front.

He describes the steel shields used by the Germans and other devices and protective appliances.

I experimented on a captured steel shield, and found it good against Browning bullets at a few yards' range. Against rifle fire the shields seem to be useless; but the

creeping infantryman holds his shield at a very oblique angle, and bullets may be deflected. On the Sucha section are used shields, lever machines for destroying entanglements, and "entanglement bridges." Russian entanglements consist of three or four rows of low stakes well driven in and closely wired. The Stacheldrahtbrücke, a length of canvas backed with meshed wire, is carried in a roll during the advance, and is thrown over the stakes and rows of wire. When creeping towards entanglements, the Germans use sacks of clay, painfully pushed on from behind, or barrels of clay, which they roll before themselves.

Mr Long tells how, early one morning, Russians in a trench they had established by sapping, within fifty yards of the German line, saw a dozen barrels slowly rolling down the slope towards them. Assuming that Germans armed with wire cutters were behind, hand grenades the only effective weapon against such tactics were thrown.

Barrels were shattered, others were knocked askew, others continued to roll inexplicably forward after the men behind them must have been killed. When the defenders were busy here, more barrels rolled against a neighbouring trench section, and, as all the grenades had been thrown away, the entanglements were cut, and the enemy rushed the trench. Later the surprised Russians in the unattacked section saw some undamaged barrels retreating rapidly up the slope. The enemy, it appeared, had driven spikes, as axles, into the barrel heads, tied ropes, and sent the barrels rolling down the slope by their own weight. The Russians, they hoped, would exhaust their stock of grenades, and relax their vigilance in the neighbouring trench section.

Food, he says, was everywhere plentiful, and foreign products sell at prices not much higher than in Petrograd, although the solitary railway is entirely monopolised. At Random he found Jewish traders starting for "Paris" "Paris" being Copenhagen or Stockholm, where German goods are purchased in evasion of the economic boycott proclaimed by Government and Press. Mr. Long thinks very highly of the Bulgarian General, Radko Dimitriyeff, who commands the Third Army, which operates in Western Galicia, and is no doubt at this moment furiously fighting von Mackensen. His already great reputation has been enhanced by skilful and bold operations. He is a low-sized, broad shouldered, spare

man, with thin coal black hair, black moustaches, and black eyes, of aquiline, beetling expression. He talks Russian through his nose, and without Bulgarian accent. He lives very plainly, is indifferently uniformed, and wears only two decorations.

The general praised the Austrian equipment, also the Staff work, but he criticised the bad morale, as shown by easy surrenders and by the unsoldierly disposition of prisoners to give information. The cause of surrender, he said, was not personal cowardice, but lack of interest in the war, lack of that sense of race responsibility and race solidarity which make the Germans so formidable.

In infantry attacks the Austrians pursue German tactics, observe, that is, close formation. Discipline is not too good. Under normal conditions a unit breaks after suffering half the loss which is borne without flinching by Germans. Austrian successes on the other Carpathian fronts have been due to liberal use of shrapnel against troops in movement or in reserve. Here our trenches, as on the Warsaw front, are almost impregnable to frontal attack.

German prisoners were apparently not often seen, but there were plenty of Austrians about. These, says Mr. Long, were clean, well-nourished, and well-uniformed and cheerful. He ends his article with a note of warning:—

Invasion of Germany is impossible until the East Prussia and Carpathian flanks have been finally cleared (of later obstacles I say nothing); but with the present relation of strength success in the flank-clearing operation cannot be attained unless the enemy tires, or unless a very powerful diversion comes from the West.

Before the war these obstacles were plain, even to laymen. If the public in Britain is displeased by the present recoil in eastward on the East Prussian front, it has itself, not Russia, to blame. The trumpeting of the march on Berlin showed a deplorable lack of political and military schooling in our public and Press: a fault all the less pardonable by contrast with the moderation of Russians who have quite as much right to demand a march on Berlin from the West. Instead of this, I find in the army appreciation for the efforts of the Western Allies (especially for ours), and wise abstention from setting up for us absolute standards of achievement. What I see here, and have seen in Galicia, convince me that the same sane attitude towards strategical possibilities, dates, and locations, is indispensable in England if the war is to be successfully pursued. If continued, the unfounded optimism of the past six months will end in too well-founded pessimism.



AN AUSTRIAN HOWITZER IN ACTION.
With the German forces in Poland.

An Anti-Militarist Visits the Trenches.

Whilst we deplore the cast-iron German military system, and are fighting to wipe Prussianism off the face of Europe, we cannot but give grudging admiration to the marvellously systematic methods of our foes, methods only made possible in many cases because of the long military domination over the people.

We learn, for instance, from neutral papers, that nothing seen in war before equals the arrangements for the care of the wounded in Germany. The Red Cross—subscriptions to which, by the way, were voted by the municipalities of all the larger towns in the form of million and half million mark donations—has at its command all the greatest specialists in Germany. Its motor hospitals, ambulance and hospital trains had not to be improvised at the last moment; they were all ready; have been for years. Specialisation has

gone so far that all men wounded in the face are sent back to one town, all with abdominal wounds to another and so on. In each town the specialists for those particular injuries have been gathered together, and the hospitals are equipped to treat them.

Mr. Ernest Poole, an earnest anti-militarist, spent several weeks on the German fighting lines, because he hated war, and 'had come to see it close.' He tells in *Everybody's* of the things he found there, things bigger than battle, murder and sudden death. He makes constant references to German system. He visited the front trenches, getting there through a trench half full of yellow water. Splashing through it he came at last to the front line trench.

This was at once a pleasant surprise, for it had a brick-paved bottom in which cess-pools here and there had drained most of

the water away. At intervals in the side of the trench a small door led into a dug-out, a warm, smoky hole, with a little stove and a pile of straw to sleep on.

The officers told him that the men in the opposing trenches became so bored that they grew friendly, traded newspapers and cigarettes, made little truces of their own. "In some places we have to change our men several times; they get too damn friendly."

Coming back through another circuitous ditch we descended into a hollow where stood a little farmhouse. Here the soldiers lay packed in rows on the floor, snoring and breathing loud and deep. Each one of them, I was told, goes through an eight days' cycle. First he spends two days and nights in the front line of trenches, during which time he alternates between two hours at his post and two in a dug-out. Then he comes back a few hundred yards to a place like this, rests twenty-four hours, returns to the trench for another two days, and then with his comrades tramps some miles to a village for a three days' rest.

This they have been doing for months. This is part of the German system, slowly and carefully building up the strength and health of these stolid boys for the terrible struggle coming this spring.

Mr. Poole then visited a base hospital, where the terribly injured men lay in large silent rooms. A kindly surgeon told him, however:

This gives no true idea of our German wounded, for here you see only the very worst, the most desperate cases of them all. And even here, out of a thousand men in the last few months we have lost only eighty. A hundred more will be maimed for life, but at least eight hundred will soon be well. I don't want to make light of the horrors of war. God knows it can be horrible. I'll never forget what we had to do in August and September. But the kind of war we have had since then has cost little in life. In this army corps of thirty thousand the killed and wounded average now only thirty or forty a day. And, in spite of the rains, the deep water and mud, in the trenches there is almost no disease. This is partly due to our system, for war is like the traditional pig: it need not be so filthy; you can often keep it clean of death. And that's what our medical men by thousands have been organised to do. You find experts on cholera, typhoid, lock-jaw, gas bacillus infection, always travelling up and down our lines, both in the West and East. And that's only a part. Men have better food than in former wars, and stricter sanitation, and they are given the rest they need. You will see in this town just how they rest. But there is something still deeper here, something I never found in peace, a mysterious vitality. It seems as though men could not die. They stand to

their knees in ice water and mud and get no pneumonia or rheumatism. A hundred men are shot through the lungs and all but one or two get well. It's a new, strangely we surgeons have here, a power we can count on in every operation performed. I have known it now for months, but I never get over being surprised. And let me repeat, it belongs to war. I've never known this force in peace."

Mr. Poole during his stay at the front was much impressed with what he saw of the German system, "sure, methodical, tireless working upon German boys from the time they arrived from the trenches up to the hour when they returned."

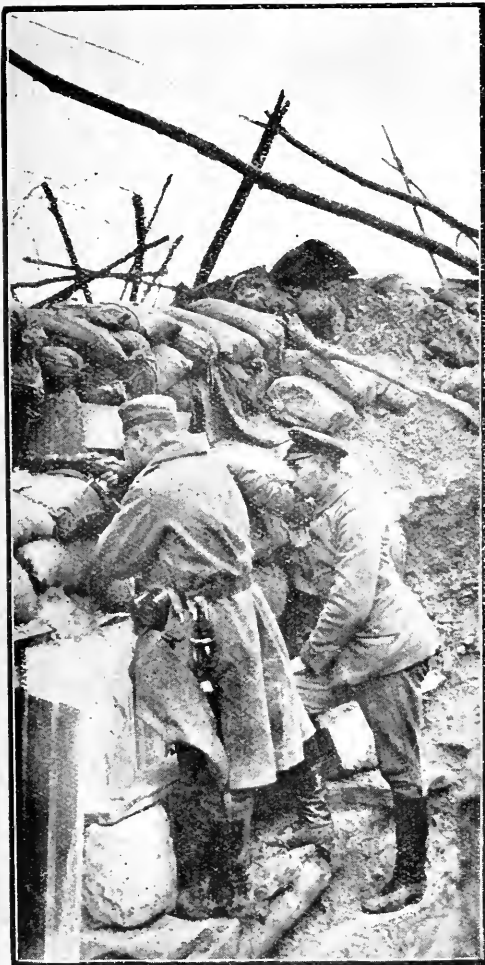
Hundreds of them had left the front line at four o'clock that morning, and, tramping five miles through a dark, cold rain, had arrived here at six with muddy, drenched clothes. And here, first, in a lofty hall which had been a foundry building, at some twenty long iron tubs under great pipes from which spouted hot water, scores of men with their clothes half off stood washing arms and legs and chests. Streams of yellow water filled the drains along the floor. At one end men were washing their clothes, and at the other three war barbers were furiously clipping hair. In a building near by was a swimming-tank, where thousands had a swim each week. The water constantly flowed in and out.

In a big loft overhead tea and coffee were being served. The "Kantine" was a little way down the street—a brick-floored room where for a few pfennigs could be bought huge glasses of beer and light-red wine, and tobacco, cheese, and chocolate, to top off their regular rations of soup, sausage, coffee, tea, and bread.

In a large factory building next door, the men who had bathed and eaten lay in long rows on the straw, most of them sleeping heavily. Those we talked with were cheerful enough, except for a few who were feeling disgusted over the fact that this time their rest would last five days, and every man would be given the typhoid antitoxin. Cleaning up the pig of war.

Near by, in a long factory yard, hundreds of young soldiers, still farther along in the three days' rest, were going through all kinds of drill—individual drill for the most part. Thousands of these peasant boys had worked here in the fields in the last few months. A good part of their rest from the trenches had been spent in ploughing and seeding, until now in Belgium and north France the fields in most places were green with crops almost up to the firing-line.

Again the German system, for they know well that they cannot afford to lose a single crop of grain within their present beleaguered land. So everywhere war's ravages are quickly covered over by this soldierly labour of peace. Here in France



A GERMAN TRENCH WITHIN A HAND'S THROW OF THE FRENCH LINES.

Note the wire netting above the earth bags used as a protection against hand grenades.

they have gathered the sugar-beet crop and turned it into alcohol to be used in driving their automobiles. There seems no end to the kind of work one sees being done along the front. Sometimes I almost forgot this was war—until suddenly, as that afternoon, we heard from only three miles away the heavy, jarring boom of guns.

Mr. Poole and his companions went in their motor towards the fighting front, until they were almost under fire. Then the car had to be left, for, as he says, "cars are precious things, only horses, men and waggons could be risked where we were going."

We kept meeting more bands of mud-covered men marching back from the trenches, and long waggon-trains going

forward with food and ammunition. Behind one such procession we found a big steam-roller rolling crushed stone into the mud—ponderous, solemn, grinding along as though in a suburban town, though the shells were exploding across the fields.

"These rollers," said an officer, "have saved hundreds of our wounded from bleeding to death by being jolted over bad roads." More of this German system. Another method of cleaning up war.

After running the gauntlet down a mile long road, spread out in couples so as not to be seen by French sharpshooters, who "made a business of this road," they reached a little farm house.

The colonel was here, a strong, middle-aged Bavarian, with a kindly, deep-lined face. He said we were practically safe in his home. I asked what he meant by "practically," and he replied that a French shell, one of the very large ones, had fallen that day in the barnyard. It had not burst, and so he had 'phoned for a shell expert to come out and see if it could be removed with safety. Another German specialist. The expert had advised him not to move it for awhile, for if it were left alone it would be less likely to go off. I went up with my small electric lamp and had a brief, cautious look at it. It was a long, round, black thing, a whole story in itself.

We went up to the farmhouse kitchen, a snug, low-ceilinged room with a lofty fireplace of brick, an old French clock on the mantel, and three enormous holes in the walls. More shells, I thought, and began my soup. It was ox-tail soup, hot and comforting. After that came a good meat stew, then bread and cheese and Munich beer. The bread came from a German field-bakery recently established some five miles away by the bakery branch of the commissary. More of this German system.

Lying in the little bomb-proof under the barn, Mr. Poole, anti-militarist, reviewed the position:

Things looked black to me that night. If war were hell, as I had believed, one might have hoped that in sheer disgust men would learn their lesson here, and that this war would be the last. But I saw little hope of this disgust. For I had seen my enemy's face and it was not hideous as I had thought. I had seen deep, gleaming, flashing eyes, had heard a voice that thrilled even me. And so war felt terribly strong that night.

He groped long for an explanation of the phenomena that war he and others hated yet had nobility in it. At last he saw a ray of light:—

War was youth, I told myself, and it was youth that had thrilled me here. Not murder nor machine-guns nor trenches nor bleak, ruined homes, but youth, the very finest of all the youth in Europe. War had suddenly brought them here and had made

the glory of youth its own, and so had clothed its ugliness. For what was this strange vitality that doctors did not find in peace? In peace youth was scattered; here it was massed, and gathering strength in being massed took on this mysterious vital strength. Fill all the armies with middle age and then where would be war's vitality? And to youth, too, of right belonged this glorious spirit of comradeship, this deep enthusiasm, this readiness to offer up one's life for the sake of an idea.

Youth, youth, and only youth, I told myself exultingly. Strip war of that, and what had you left? You had the White Papers—inspiring thought! And you had guns all nicely oiled, and dead bodies, more than a million, stark and stiff upon the fields. And you had atrocity tales, and homes of desolation and bitterness and hatred. Here was a ghastly price being paid to settle a mean and sordid dispute. And this was war stripped naked. It was not war, but men,

young men, and the wonderful powers that in them lie, that had gripped me here with a new hope.

For what I had seen in men like these might be used in a better cause. It would no longer be so hard to draw men out of their little ruts, no longer would they be so slow to give themselves to a great idea, whether it be in war or peace. So much at least these million dead had done for the world by dying.

He left the dugout on Sunday morning and saw two French peasants mournfully picking their way towards the village church. "Suddenly I remembered the millions of women in empty houses, and I wondered what they were thinking—and what they are going to teach their sons."

BLAME THE WORKMAN.

Mr. J. M. Kennedy, well-known as a writer on labour conditions in England, contributes a most informing article to *The Fortnightly* on "Labour and the War." He states that the working classes have furnished men to Kitchener's new armies in the ratio of twenty-four to one, and, in the excitement of the first few months of the war, no one seemed to trouble about the steady flow of recruits from industry into the army.

It was not until early in the present year, apparently, that public men and the Press began to realise that war on the modern scale necessitates munitions as well as men; and toward the end of February the nation was informed that war material was not being produced quickly enough. The blame for this was at first, with no justification whatever, laid upon the workmen. In a speech which is likely to rankle in trade union circles for some time to come Mr. Lloyd George laid too much emphasis upon "the lure of drink," a vice which is no more widespread among the working classes than among their employers.

Other men equally well known exaggerated Lloyd George's phrase, and the workmen of England were pilloried before the world as drunken loafers! Mr. Kennedy gives a few particulars about the huge demands made upon British factories.

So far as the slowness of production is concerned, a few facts may be given. It will be recollected that when the war broke out,

France, England, Russia, Belgium, and Serbia were entirely unprepared for it. Neither the great nor the small Powers engaged had the supplies of rifles, bayonets, uniforms, cartridges, shells, boots, surgical appliances, and so on, which were called for at a day's notice. Within two or three weeks of the outbreak of war, the Germans had taken possession of all the manufacturing districts in Belgium and most of the manufacturing districts in France. The result was that England had the task, not merely of raising a large army, but of manufacturing munitions of war for herself and for her Allies as well. It is true that orders were placed lavishly in all parts of the world; and a stimulus was given to production in countries that did not expect it. The engineering works of Eastern Canada, where trade had been very dull for months, found themselves working overtime in the middle of August. Uniforms for the French army, it was stated, were being made in Spain; uniforms for the Russian army in Argentina; and the United States, of course, was not neglected. In spite of this, it was England who was called upon to provide the equipment which was immediately rendered necessary; and how adequate was the response of the British workman is told only faintly even in the Board of Trade returns.

The general public seemed to assume, says Mr. Kennedy, that the struggle which the bulk of the nation has never been able to escape, the struggle for existence, automatically ceased on the outbreak of war. He points out that had the war not come along grave labour crises would have occurred in the autumn. A railway strike was definitely threatened, and other troubles

would have come to a head. These were largely caused by the need for increased wages due to the fact that the cost of living had become so heavy, a state of affairs illustrated by the fact that the purchasing power of the sovereign of 1900 had fallen to about 17s. in the early part of 1914. When war broke out an appeal to the patriotism of both sides led in nearly every case to a settlement, but in nearly every case it was the workmen and not the employers who yielded on the point at issue. No doubt the reader, like the ordinary man in the street, at once argues, that though the price of food has gone up wages have mounted in equal proportions if not more quickly, and since the war began the workers have been coining money. Mr. Kennedy quickly explodes both ideas.

In the eleven years from 1901 to 1911, inclusive, considerable alterations had taken place in the trend of wages. In four of those years—viz., 1906, 1907, 1910, and 1911, the total wage bill of the country was increased by £209,270 weekly. In the remaining years the wage bill decreased by £357,001 weekly. At the beginning of 1912, the workmen were drawing three million pounds in wages less than they had been drawing eleven years previously. The higher level promised by the figures for 1911 and 1910 was barely maintained in 1912; and in the latter half of 1913, when the effects of falling trade were beginning to be felt, the decline in the wage level became more and more marked. It should be mentioned, also, that even in the years in which wages were raised, the number of men affected was relatively small. In 1911, for example, the net advance in wages was not quite £1,400,000 for the year. When it is reckoned that the average number of wage-earners is sixteen millions, it will be clear that their weekly budget would be increased by only a minute fraction as the result of what appears at first sight to be a large advance in the total wage bill.

Mr. Kennedy easily proves that, at the outbreak of war, the position of the worker was precarious. He then proceeds to demolish the nonsense talked about the large sums of money made by the men engaged in war industries.

Tyneside shipwrights, who normally earn about two pounds a week, and who earned three, or in some cases four, by working overtime on war contracts, were said to be worth six, ten, fourteen pounds a week—there was no limit placed on their imaginary earnings. Dockers who, in time of peace, would almost have fought one another for

the privilege of working long hours for twenty-five shillings or so a week were thought to be making seven pounds, and so on. Men who worked double shifts on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, could not venture to take a day off on Thursday for much-needed rest without drawing upon themselves taunts, based on the isolated passage in Mr. Lloyd George's speech, about the "lure of drink." Blame the workman—that appeared to be the catchword of the employing classes when the campaign against Germany and Austria seemed to be languishing at the new year.

He strongly praises Lord Kitchener for not lending his authority to this clap-trap, and regrets that other members of the Government were less tactful. Precarious though the condition of the workman was before the war started, what was it like after the campaign had begun?

Staple foodstuffs rose sharply in price after August 4th, and by the 8th were sixteen per cent. higher in price than they were in July. There was a slight decline in September, but a gradual rise in October, November, and December. In December, chilled beef cost 32 per cent. more than in July; fish had risen 51 per cent., frozen mutton from 18 per cent. to 32 per cent., flour and bread 20 per cent., tea 14 per cent., sugar 60 per cent. Coal, not included in this return, had nearly doubled in price in many of the poorer districts, and in several places (notably the Clyde) rents had been raised. The coal "ring" became so notorious that it was several times referred to in Parliament.

An attempt, says Mr. Kennedy, has been made to blame the workmen by reference to the example of France.

A peculiar letter, stated to be from an officer in the British Army, was issued by the Press Bureau in February, and contained remarks regarding the feelings of the French people and the pitiances which workmen and even employers were glad to receive. The letter omitted to mention one important fact—viz., that French manufacturers were not, unlike their English colleagues, making hundreds of thousands of pounds profit out of the war. The profits of the shippers and coal-owners are simply incalculable; and it need hardly be said that all the firms engaged in the production of war material in this country are not being paid in a niggardly spirit. This is perfectly well known to all the workmen concerned, and it has led to a very reasonable demand on their part that they shall be properly recompensed. Even the Government's new Act, providing for the Governmental control of factories used for the production of war material, comes into force only when the manufacturing classes have had a full seven months in which to safeguard their interests. If, therefore, accusations of lack of patriotism

are to be levelled at any class in this country, it is not at the working class. The workmen have provided the bulk of the recruits for the new armies: they have done their share of carrying on the trade of the

country with unselfish zeal; and only when the economic pressure became too great for them did they show what is called their "unrest" in a form that led to public speeches about it.

THE MYTH OF AMERICAN PROSPERITY.

Writing in *The Fortnightly*, Mr. James Davenport Whelpley effectively disposes of the confident statements made in England and elsewhere that, taking advantage of other peoples' trouble, the merchants of the United States were making immense fortunes. The figures he gives demonstrate absolutely that whilst there has been a great demand for wheat and munitions of war, factories not engaged in producing cartridges or guns, uniforms or boots, are working half-time or less; that New York has a constantly increasing "bread line," and that there is widespread distress throughout the length and breadth of the land, due to the world-wide interruption of trade. He says:—

It can be most emphatically stated that the general impression prevailing in Europe, as to the great prosperity which has come to the United States through the present war, is not justified by the facts of the case. Figures of export do not tell the true story, for merchandise which is now being sent abroad is limited to certain products, which come under the broad definitions of war and subsistence supplies, and the sale thereof benefits comparatively few, many of them speculators in products which long ago left the producer's hands at normal prices.

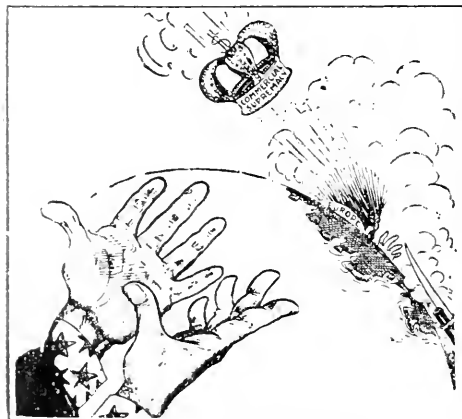
One of the greatest industrial corporations of the United States has an observation and statistical department for the guidance of its managers. This company needs to know the prevailing conditions from day to day, and receives reports upon the state of industry in every section of the United States. It has been found that certain industrial areas are correct barometers as to the state of American business generally.

On the first day of March this year the reading on this barometer was 38 per cent., or, in other words, business activity was 62 per cent. below normal. It is also known that the great steel and iron companies, whose business is also held to be of barometric value, now have on their books less than 50 per cent. of their normal orders for the products of their mills at this time of the year.

What this state of affairs means to a country whose population are all of them practically dependent upon the nation's activities for their incomes, can easily be imagined. We here fondly imagine that everyone in the United States is having a glorious time, that the hunt for the almighty dollar is being more successful than ever before, and not a few of us hold this as a fair ground for annoyance against our cousins across the water. Whilst we are fighting for our lives, they, we think, are seizing the opportunity, when they have the field to themselves, of grabbing our trade, everybody's trade, so that they may enrich themselves! How different is the actual state of affairs:—

In New York City alone there are about 500,000 people out of work, public and private charities are strained to the limit to cope with suffering, as the "bread line" lengthens with each passing day. The greatest distress is not with the chronically poor, for they are as usual fairly well cared for. It is the clerks and typists, and other workers of similar grades, who are bearing the brunt of the prevailing hard times. Nearly 8000 stenographers are out of work in New York City alone.

Not unnaturally a great wave of economy is spreading all over the



CATCHING THE WORLD'S TRADE.

country, engulfing the retail shopkeeper who deals in merchandise which can be dispensed with. Those who have during recent years batted upon the extravagance of the "spenders," are all going under. People are not going to the theatres, are refraining from purchasing jewellery and other luxuries are discharging servants, and generally cutting down expenses. It is expected that times will be harder before the war is ended, and no employment is considered sure.

There is much partial employment, a form of distress which does not make itself apparent in statistics. Many employers, not wishing to discharge their hands, are giving half-time work. . . . Shop employees are more affected by this manifestation of slack business than any other class of labour, and tragic conditions have arisen in many households through partial loss of income.

Mr. Whelpley points out that the party in the United States which is demanding an embargo upon the export of war materials is by no means to be despised. It includes the strong German element, the Hebrew banking interests, the "peace at any price" advocates, a large part of the power of the Church, and a notable element in the American public, which is, in fact, neutral, comprising those who look upon this war as a selfish quarrel among the European Powers, all equally to blame as to its origin, all equally guilty as regards the world-wide slaughter of human beings, the destruction of non-combatant property, and the saddling

of the people of this and future generations with a staggering load of debt and taxes.

There are two facts which cannot be too strongly emphasised. One is that no immediate profit, such as is now accruing to certain branches of American industry through the war, will halt the American people for an instant in their serious consideration of an embargo upon the export of munitions of war if public opinion is aroused by any act of the belligerents which is considered as seriously unjust to neutrals. The other is that this movement towards an embargo upon export is already formidable, and must be taken seriously by any nation counting American supply as one of its war necessities.

The sympathy of the vast majority of the American people who really count still lies with the Allies, says Mr. Whelpley, and a general conviction prevails that the defeat of Germany is inevitable. But in America it is not believed that the German armies will be driven beyond the Rhine, and people in the States think that when Germany does leave Belgium it will be because of the terms of the treaty of peace yet to be drawn, not by reason of pressure from a superior military force on land. He deplores the British censorship which, by suppressing several important news items which are current knowledge among the well-informed at home and common property outside the United Kingdom, has put all British reports under a certain amount of suspicion which would not have existed had frankness been the rule in all matters not of strategic value to the enemy.

GERMANY AND THE WAR.

I.—BY A GERMAN PROFESSOR.

The Italian scientific magazine *Scienza* is holding an "inquiry into the war," and is publishing a series of articles from different countries giving different aspects of the question.

Professor E. Meyer, of Berlin, gives what has become the standard German case. England, he says, is solely responsible; she worked up the war from fear of German trade aggrandisement. She alone could have prevented it, if she had told Russia to stop; but as she did not do so, it shows that she wished for

war. Belgium, of course, gets no pity; she had already violated her neutrality, as proved by the conversations with the British Attaché.

As to England's declaration that she is fighting against German militarism, the Professor asserts that in order to do so the German nation must be destroyed. He proceeds to give an interesting explanation of the differences between the ideals of the two nations:—

The differences depend not only on the English and German conception of the State, but also on the idea each nation has of liberty. For the Englishman liberty

signifies the right of the individual to the unlimited pursuit of his proper material interests, without any interference from the State, at the same time conforming, as regards outlook, customs, and habits of life, to the will of the majority—a "public opinion." For the German, on the contrary, liberty signifies the spiritual and spontaneous development of his true personality, of his individuality, and in consequence complete independence from public opinion, but in revenge demands a subordination to the interests of collectivism, and to the ideals of his nation. Also the State is for the Englishman an institution of constraint, whose rights and demands with regard to the individual must be limited as much as possible. For the German, on the other hand, the State is precisely the organisation in which is incarnated the highest ideals of the people, an organisation possessing the power of embracing and vivifying the whole of the national life, and whose decrees are such that each individual, as a member of a great Whole, transforms them for himself into the free manifestations of his will, and thus elevates them to the dignity of moral commandments of free submission and free performance of duty. That is why the German looks upon universal military service as the base and the highest realisation of a free national State, while the Englishman considers it as the greatest abomination, and a despotic constraint, which destroys his notion of liberty.

As to what will happen after the war, the Professor says a return to former conditions is impossible. He predicts a great increase of power to Japan and a great expansion of Islam. That it will be the last war, and will be followed by new pacific developments and international concord, he dismisses as Utopian. "That can only be achieved by the complete crushing of England, thus to regain the freedom of the seas, and by reducing our other enemies to such a point that they will have no desire to renew the conflict."

II.—BY A NEUTRAL.

"Public Opinion in Germany" is the subject of an article by an anonymous author in *Le Correspondant*. In it the writer has endeavoured to place himself in the position of the German people, and to see their point of view. Starting with the days previous to the declaration of war, the Germans are shown us—that is to say, the ordinary bourgeois, not of course the official and governing class—as quite unprepared for the tempest which broke out in the last days of July. They were unprepared, and a

large portion of the inhabitants viewed the prospect of war with apprehension, not to say dislike. However, as the author points out, and gives numerous quotations from newspapers and official documents to prove, the people were left entirely in the dark as to the true march of events, the newspapers only giving them what it was considered good for them to know. Thus, although the Austrian ultimatum was made known, the Serbian reply was never published, only the Austrian statement that it was unsatisfactory. Russia, it was announced, violated the German frontiers, and mobilised her entire army, long before Germany declared war; the same was said of the French. With England they went to great trouble to hide the cause of her intervention—i.e., Belgium—and showed her as a traitor, who, after announcing her neutrality, waited until Germany was attacked on every side, when she also turned on her. No wonder that the German people reserve their greatest hatred for Britain! Therefore, from disliking the war, public opinion veered round strongly in its favour.

After the marvellous victory of the German arms, from Liège to Paris, popular enthusiasm rose to fever-pitch, and those who at first had doubted could do so no longer. Scientists and professors commenced in essays and lectures to inform the world what victorious Germany would do with regard to the conquered countries; they were to be organised, for, as the author points out, organisation is the very bones of the German people, together with discipline. From their childhood they are brought up to conform to rules and to obey regulations, therefore they prove much easier metal for organisers to mould into well-planned shapes than are the people of other countries, who have been allowed more freedom of action and thought, and therefore act separately and individually and not in well-organised groups. Germany, however, in her jubilant plans made in the joy of victory did not make any allowances for the different characteristics of other countries, and was going to mould them all on the model of Germany, and one

day they would rise up and bless their benefactor, who, in exchange for their individuality, gave them a wonderfully organised machine.

Then, again, the worship of strength is the religion of the whole empire; in everything one finds that love of the "kolossal," that admiration for strength and size, be it a Berlin restaurant with its accommodation for 4000 persons, or the Hamburg-American liner with its 50,000 tons. In the same way they have an intense admiration for Napoleon and for the colossal brutality and cynicism of Bismarck.

THE PRIEST AS SOLDIER.

The reproach of "Infidel France" has become a byword, but it is no longer applicable, for there is overwhelming testimony to the revival of a deep religious feeling throughout the Republic. How this change has been affected is in a large measure revealed by J. O. P. Bland, who, writing in *The Atlantic Monthly*, records the impressions of a recent journey through France, "La Grande Nation":—

As I look back on those crowded days, the impression left on my mind is one of ever-recurring wonder and increasing admiration. For those who have eyes to see and ears to hear, France presents to-day a splendidly moving spectacle of spiritual renaissance: the nation, purified and ennobled by sacrifice and suffering, is finding itself in a new world of rare moral beauty. War, the destroyer, has become also the restorer. In France it has swept away all frivolous and aimless things, all the petty strifes of class and creed, that seemed so vital a little while ago; all the sordid differences imposed upon men by the uninspired routine of commercialism and politics. It has united the nation, as never before, in a blood-brotherhood of fervent patriotism; brought it back to the eternal verities, the things that matter. In a flash, with the first call to arms, all the symptoms of that malady of individualism, which seemed so deep-rooted, have disappeared; the old Gallic serenity of soul has been born again, the clear vision of the world's most chivalrous and humane civilisation has been restored.

The bitterness of religious strife is passing, sectarian quarrels have gone, and the fact that their country is in danger has brought all men together as brethren of one family. A veritable "truce of God" has been established,

The writer, as do so many others, impresses on us the fact that, although the German people have been growing depressed since the battle of the Marne, the war is still being waged outside their frontiers, and until the Allies can drive the attack home into Germany it will be a very long time before the docile German begins to doubt the all-powerful organisation which has made him its own. The Allies must have courage and patience and work hard for a military victory, which is the only rapid means of ending the war.

the effects of which will serve to strengthen France for generations to come.

The sons of the Church have responded to the call of the State:—

It is undeniable that for many good Catholics modern France has been identified in its government with antichrist and infidel persecutions of the church; yet in the hour of national danger the church has proclaimed that its first duty is the defence of la patrie, right or wrong. There has been no sign of hesitation as to the path of duty. Priests—even bishops—have come straightway from their mission work in Central Africa and the Far East to take up arms for the defence of France. (One bishop has served in the ranks as a private soldier.) Not a word has been heard of all the protestations which, in time of peace, were raised against the law imposing military service on the priesthood. The sons of the church have fought, and are fighting, with splendid devotion and courage, as their long list of killed and wounded sufficiently testifies.

And therein lies the secret, revealed by the war, of "the concord, moderation, and tolerance," which have put an end to the strife that seemed inseparable from the relations of church and state in France. The hour of trial has proved to the French people that the church in their midst is no longer the unchanging anachronism of anti-clerical tradition; that gradually, more or less unconsciously, it has informed itself with the spirit of French nationalism, and moved with it on broader paths of intellectual freedom. While the German clergy continue to urge their Rhinelanders forward for the glory of the Kaiser in the name of an ancient feudal system, the French priesthood, forgetting in its patriotic ardour its grievances against modernism, fights under the banner of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. And in the days to come France can never forget that the priest has borne himself worthily as a citizen and as a man.

Never again can any politician raise the cry that the church is more Roman than French; never again will men mock the wearer of the clerical frock; they will remember how gallantly he donned the red trousers in the hour of need. The good understanding that has been cemented by comradeship in arms will last for many a day; for the manhood of France has learned to respect the Curé as a Christian and as a gentleman, because they have seen him behave like one in the trenches and in many a post of danger more deadly than the battlefield.

To the British there is more than a suggestion of loss in the following veiled reproach:—

WITH THE WOUNDED.

The great war must inevitably divert the destiny of many nations—that lies in the future; the immediate present is filled with the minor but more searching personal workings of fate as the machine grinds out the lives of men and flings them aside stricken to helplessness. The daily and weekly Press teem with the revelations of war in the making and the monthlies now record incidents which will help the historian to realise the actualities of this campaign. "A British Officer" contributes his experiences in *The North American Review*, from which we make the following extract:—

A seat is found for you in one of the waggons, which will start when full—luckily the wait is not longer. You are helped up into the waggon and feel your way in darkness to the farther end and sit down; this you find a painful operation. Then commences the long drive in. That drive will never fade from your memory. The waggon is a heavy concern, drawn at a slow walk by two heavy horses that keep slipping on the frosty road. It is bitterly cold and utterly dark as you creak along a road full of filled-in "Jack Johnson" holes. How long it takes to cover that three miles of road you cannot tell, but it feels a century. Each bump gives you a painful jar and makes your heart ache for the other poor fellows lying silently in the stretchers, of whom you caught a glimpse as you came in. Soon you are conscious of someone sitting opposite you breathing through his mouth

For three months, although all immediate danger to the capital has been removed, the citizens of Paris have cheerfully consented to being turned out of their cafes at 8 p.m. and out of their restaurants at 9.30. They have gone without music, without theatres, cafes chantants, politics, literature and art; and there has been no voice of complaint among them, because, by common consent, self-denial and thrift have been accepted as the first duty of every good citizen. For an Englishman, coming from the crowded music halls and football fields of London to the high seriousness of Paris, it is impossible not to feel that, as a nation, the English are paying a heavy price, in the domain of things spiritual, for the sense of personal security which has grown out of their naval superiority.

and giving a little sigh occasionally. Presently a hand touches your own; you close on it, and give it a little squeeze. "Where are we?" says a gentle little voice in broad Scotch. "It's all right, laddie; we are in the ambulance waggon." There is a long pause. "You an officer?" "Yes." Long pause. "You wounded?" "Yes." Long pause. "I'm in the Black Watch. The officer took my name. I lost my head and got among the Germans." "You badly hurt?" "No! but I can't see." The voice is very faint and indistinct. It dies away, and one doesn't care to fatigue the sufferer by asking questions. After another long pause the voice continues, painfully. The three things it harps on are the fact that he lost his head and got in among the Germans alone, that his name was taken, and that he can't see because his eyes are bandaged. You try and cheer him up and tell him not to worry, that it will be all right now. He relapses into silence for awhile, and then painfully goes over those three points again, adding, "It was a bomb that done it."

At last the long, painful drive comes to an end. The field ambulance, situated in a beautiful French chateau, is reached, and you are taken through the inviting gates into light and warmth. It is a busy night—the busiest they have had. As you enter the ward you are directed to, you feel a sudden sickness and faintness; you are helped to a chair by the fire and given some warm milk. That warm milk is the best drink

you have tasted in your life. The room stops going round and you recognise opposite you with surprise a brother officer in your regiment. You discover he was hit about the same time as you, in a different part of the line, and found his way back by another route. Seated near him is a wounded German prisoner. His arm is in a sling, but he seems blissfully content. You question him. He turns out to be an Alsatian. He will not admit to being glad at his capture, but his whole appearance gives his answer the lie—he is one smile all over.

You await your turn for dressing in the room crowded with wounded lying on stretchers; the dressing is being done in adjoining rooms, and you anticipate the groans and cries of victims. This you find is another fallacy. Never a groan or cry reaches your ears. The perfect silence of the sufferers is perhaps more horrible than anything. Your turn comes; you are bandaged in a corner. The place is full of cases being bandaged, while on the table in the centre you see your Sapper friend being

prodded about for pieces of bomb; in absolute silence he lies through the ordeal. You are bandaged, and shown into the officers' mess to wait. Here you find all the less severe cases also waiting. To-night is a busy night, and the overflow is shown to the mess. Here you sit from three till nine. The sitting position is a kind of refined torture, but the warmth and peace and quiet is just heaven compared to the strain and noise of where you have come from.

Nothing can exceed the thoughtfulness and kindness of the surgeons; busy and overworked as they are, they still dash in for a moment to see if you are all right; give you a coat, a blanket; throw more wood on the fire; help you with a pillow or offer you a cigarette. Such attention and kindness you never expected from any but a woman. The gentleness, kindness and thoughtfulness of the medical officer, whom you had hitherto always regarded as callous and hardened, comes to you as a wonderful surprise.

“THE AXE IS LAID UNTO THE ROOT OF THE TREE.”

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found.

Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;

Another race the following spring supplies,
They fall successive, and successive rise.

—Pope's "Iliad."

Dr. Brend's article in *The Nineteenth Century* on "The Passing of the Child" is intrinsically the most important paper submitted for the consideration of thinking men and women for many a long day. That this is no academic discussion may be gathered from the writer's prelude:—

There is no need to emphasise the importance of maintaining the population of Great Britain so long as weight of numbers is the most potent factor in determining the issue of war. The growing size of the Allies' armies affords good reason for believing that the present struggle will end in a manner satisfactory to the British people, but immediate success alone would be a far from adequate recompense for the terrible cost incurred. To posterity will fall the task of seeing that what is now gained is kept. Optimists say that this war will end war, and though the future may show

that to be the case, it would be too dangerous to act on the belief and not to take all reasonable precautions against the possibility of having at some future time again to meet our present or other foes. International animosities persist for long periods, and nations have displayed astonishing powers of recuperation after defeat. The hatred of England which has arisen in Germany may, if she is beaten, leave a bitter and sullen people filled with a desire some day to wipe out their humiliation. Against this hostility neither battle-ships nor fortresses are likely to suffice, if there should be marked disparity in numbers. The purpose of this article is to show that changes have occurred, and are still taking place, in our population which point to the conclusion that the population of Germany, already much the greater, will in ensuing decades tend more and more to outstrip ours at an increasingly rapid rate. Unless the most vigorous steps are taken to counteract these changes, the next generation may be confronted with a situation more serious than that we have had to face, and much of our present effort may have been in vain.

The subject is a formidable one, and a right conclusion is not possible by an unaided reference to vital statistics, af-

fects as these are by many considerations which do not at first sight appear. This paper contains all the essential figures, but the writer is at pains to insert the qualifying conditions which materially modify obvious, but incorrect, conclusions. Dr. Brend examines all available information, and suggests the following "exceedingly probable developments":—

(1) A further continuous fall in the birth-rate, owing to the spread of the practice of preventing conception, and possibly also to the further diminution in the proportion of married persons, and to the increased postponement of marriage. In addition, the fall will be increased by the rise in the average age of the population, brought about by the heavy fall which has already occurred, but has not yet produced its full effect, the ultimate effect of the further fall which may be anticipated, and the probable continuance of emigration of young persons.

(2) A diminution in the rate of fall of the death-rate, followed by a period during which the rate will remain more or less constant, and which may already have been reached, and then a steady rise. These changes will be produced by the rise in the average age of the population again, as in (1), due to the decline of the birth-rate in the past, and the further decline which may be expected in the future. They may be masked for a time by a real decline in mortality, owing to improved conditions, but the effect of this will become less and less as its natural limit is approached. On the other hand, they may be accelerated by increased emigration.

The margin between the birth-rate and the death-rate is now 10.2. It may be highly rash to predict when this will disappear, but if the figures should approximate at an average rate of 0.5 per annum (and this is only about what the average fall in the birth-rate alone has been during recent years), twenty years will see a stationary population in Great Britain.

The writer then proceeds to a study of the conditions existing in European countries, and makes the following comparison between Germany and Great Britain:—

In 1911 the population of Germany exceeded that of the United Kingdom by more than twenty millions. For many years its rate of increase has been the greater. Between 1901 and 1911, while the United Kingdom added 3,760,362 to its population, an increase of 9 per cent., Germany added 8,564,239, an increase of 15 per cent. The birth-rate in Germany in 1911 was 4.2 per thousand higher than that in the United Kingdom. It has fallen from the fairly constant neighbourhood of 36 during the later

years of the last century, but it is of the greatest importance to notice that the fall in Germany did not begin until about 1902, and has only become considerable during quite recent years. As already explained, the full effect of the fall on the population is not felt for a considerable time. In this country the decline began about 1877. It is quite possible that Germany may eventually reach the static condition which has almost been reached in France, and which this country appears to be approaching, but now, in 1915, Germany is only where we were in 1890. As regards the immediate future Germany starts with an advantage over us of twenty-five years.

The death-rate in Germany in 1911 was 2.5 higher than that in the United Kingdom, and the infant mortality rate was 192 as compared with 125. There is, therefore, much more scope for reduction of the death-rate in Germany, and especially of the infant mortality rate, than in the United Kingdom.

Taking all the factors into consideration, therefore, there seems to be good reason for believing that if Germany does not lose an appreciable part of her population as a result of the war, her numbers relatively to ours will increase very largely during the next twenty or thirty years. We cannot tell yet what internal effects the war will have in that country. It may be that a period of terrible depression must be gone through which will send up the death-rate, check efforts at social reform, and encourage emigration. There is also the actual loss of life in the field to be remembered, but the effect of this will not be so great as a diminution of the population which included women. On the other hand, the intense national consciousness of the Germans may, if they are beaten, engender a desire for revenge in the future which might be more effective in arresting the decline of the birth-rate than anything we can hope to do in this country.

The article ends with a note of grave warning:—

The artificial restriction of the family is a new feature in the history of mankind which has not so far received the attention from the detached, biological point of view that it deserves. Yet it may have effects ultimately more stupendous and far-reaching than any of those great movements of the past—migrations, conquests, epidemics, religious changes—which, beginning in prehistoric times, have so profoundly influenced human development. In this country, with one exception, the process began earlier and has gone further than among any other people. Unless we can—and quickly, too—reduce our infant mortality to an extent hitherto un hoped for, can improve conditions of life so that our young people no longer seek for happiness or opportunity abroad, and can awaken the national consciousness on the question of births, the future of our nation is grave.

"DUNDONALD'S DESTROYER."

Frequent references have been made to the mysterious invention of Lord Dundonald, which was submitted to the British Admiralty over a hundred years ago. The invention was tested by a board of experts, who reported that the method was too terrible for adoption by any civilised power, for it would have shocked humanity and made wars between nations impossible, a condemnation and recommendation in one.

The well-known writer on American naval matters Edgar Stanton Maclay, contributes an article to *The North American Review*, in which he suggests an explanation of this formidable engine of destruction:—

While engaged in researches in the British Museum Library, the writer found a small pamphlet, published in London toward the close of the eighteenth century, which described an invention of "burning-glasses," whereby it was claimed that man was enabled to grasp the "veritable bolts of Jove himself" and hurl them at his enemies. It fills out with convincing amplitude every detail of what was claimed for Dundonald's destroyer. It is not known if Dundonald obtained the ideas for his machine from these "burning-glasses," but it is known that the latter were experimented with by English scientists early in the nineteenth century, and results were obtained which fully substantiate Dundonald's claim that any foe, whether on sea or land, would be annihilated by their "terrific" power.

The essential idea of this singular device was the arrangement of several hundred mirrors in a great frame, at such angles as to catch and concentrate the rays of the sun on any desired spot. The power of these concentrated rays was so great as to explode any magazine, quickly set all woodwork in a flame, and to cause the instant death of any human being who came within the influence of their scorching breath. It was claimed that, great was the heat generated in these concentrated sun rays, they could be swept along a line of advancing troops, causing each man

to drop dead the moment the rays fell upon him. As is well known, wood entered largely into the construction of forts a century ago, when exploding shells were almost unknown. Gun-carriages were almost entirely of wood, while the "mantlets" that guarded each embrasure in the fortifications at Sebastopol were made of wood. With the terrific heat of these concentrated sun rays pouring into their embrasures, it was claimed that no men could stand by their guns, while all woodwork would be instantly set on fire. . . . Just what was the "distance" necessary for the most effective operation of these "burning-glasses" is left to conjecture, but when we read how Archimedes, by means of polished metal mirrors, burned completely to ashes the Roman ships besieging Syracuse, and that Proclus by the same means destroyed the galleys of Vitalian when attacking Byzantium, we can believe that the opponents were not very far apart. That these reports of ancient "burning-glasses" are not entirely mythical has been demonstrated by modern scientific experiments. With only five plane mirrors in a frame Kircher concentrated a degree of heat at a point one hundred feet away sufficient to ignite wood; and he concluded that by increasing the number of mirrors he could develop almost any degree of heat. He visited Syracuse, and, from actual measurements, declared that the Roman galleys could not have been more than one hundred feet from the "burning-glasses" of Archimedes. By using one hundred and sixty-eight mirrors Buffon constructed a frame by which he set fire to the hardest wood at a distance of one hundred and sixty-five feet. Increasing the number of mirrors to four hundred, he found that he could melt lead and tin at one hundred and fifty feet.

That these "burning-glasses" were known in England at the time Dundonald made his invention is shown in the fact that an English artisan named Penn constructed a powerful lens by which steel and flint were melted like wax.

FOREIGN OPINION ON THE WAR.

FRENCH.

Victor Boret gives his opinion very frankly, in *La Nouvelle Revue*, on the subject of Germany and famine. He discourages those who are building cheerfully on the probability of Germany soon giving in owing to the shortage of food. He reminds us that Germany has the great advantage of being intact within her own frontiers, for the slight encroachments of the French in Alsace-Lorraine count for little. People in Germany will never believe that Germany is defeated until her frontiers are crossed.

M. Boret believes that with care Germany can manage her food supply so as to keep going until the next harvest; it will mean going without luxuries, but it is possible. Taking last year's harvest, which was inferior to other years, and adding to this the few imports that have been smuggled in, and the extra cereals that have been cultivated since the beginning of war, there is yet a deficit of 15 per cent., and it is to meet this that Germany will find the difficulty. The Government has already taken over the supply of cereals, and will shortly take over the potatoes; every town of a certain size is forming its stores of meat, which will be issued to the people by the municipality.

M. Boret thinks that it showed a want of foresight on the part of Germany when, at the commencement of hostilities, she boasted that she would never know food shortage, for this made the people less economical than would otherwise have been the case, and has brought about the necessity for the stern measures soon to be enforced.

In *La Revue*, Henri Bergson, writing on the war, points out that Germany previous to 1870, was a country given to poetry, art and metaphysics, made for thought and dreams, and without a sense of realities, but that in time she would have awakened from this dreamy state and that gradually and naturally good administration and a closer union between the confederate States would have come about. However, Germany was not permitted to work out her own sal-

vation in this peaceful manner. Prussia intervened with her machine-like officialism, and Germany had to choose whether she should copy her and become a machine, or continue on the way she was going. Bismarck decided for her. He saw that the one way to force the rest of Germany to follow in the wake of Prussia was to engage them in a common hatred, and a common victory; this was provided by the war of 1870, and, taking advantage of the victory, Bismarck bound Germany close to Prussia, and from that time onwards they were one.

Following on the war German commercial enterprises flourished extraordinarily, and this to the people seemed in some way an indication that they were the chosen people of the future, and with this idea in their minds they prepared accordingly. In the nineteenth century, mechanical science came to its own, and Germany made full use of it in her huge industries; and not content with this she proceeded to form herself, her people and her government on the same lines, so that on the outbreak of the present war Germany was one vast machine from her commerce down to the children attending school.

M. Bergson thinks that, had Germany managed to crush the Allies in the first months of the war, as she had hoped, this vast machine would have justified its existence; whereas, as things stand to-day, the machine is wearing out, as machines do when exposed to too-long-continued strain, and, moreover, it is opposed to an army composed of men fighting for freedom and to right a grievous wrong. Under these circumstances he thinks there can be but little doubt as to the issue.

In the same number M. G. Bonet-Maury, writing on Dutch neutrality, thinks that the Allies' Press has been too hard on Holland, accusing her of letting through supplies to Germany and of a distinct partiality for that country. He points out that the only time that Dutch territory was violated by Germany shots were fired by the Dutch on the invaders. As to the more serious

question of supplying Germany with food, the writer explains that at the outbreak of war many merchantmen were already bound for Germany laden with contraband articles, and in many cases on their arrival in European waters were still ignorant of the fact that war had broken out. He also explains that the difficulty is to distinguish between the articles that are contraband and the conditional contraband. But everything that the Dutch Government can do is being done to prevent any act being committed contrary to the strictest neutrality.

M. Bonet-Maury is assured that Dutch sympathy is with the Allies, but, as he says, the position of Holland between her eastern neighbour whose promises even when friendly are to be feared, and her neighbour on the west, whose cruisers interfere sadly with her commerce, is not a comfortable one.

ITALIENE.

Writing on the war as seen from Rome, M. d'Albola sheds a very interesting light on the fluctuations of Italian sympathies during the last seven months. At the outbreak of war the vast majority of Italians feared that they might be called upon to join forces with Austria, their hereditary foe; therefore the announcement of neutrality came as a huge relief. From the very first the sympathies of the people have been with the Allies, and, stirred up to the highest enthusiasm by the heroic defence of Liège, it only required a startling victory of the Allies for Italy to have joined them; but then followed the tragic retreat on Paris, which carried with it the resultant drop in the Italian enthusiasm—which, however, revived with the battle of the Marne. Since that time affairs have remained more or less quiet, with perhaps a majority in favour of neutrality, for it is brought home to everyone what a war means.

Speaking of the general Italian opinion M. d'Albola says it is briefly this: The Italians feel that in maintaining the strictest neutrality they have already been of the greatest service to France, and that people are too apt to



Esquella de la Torratxa.

[Barcelone.

HESITATING ITALY.

forget the fact, when urging Italy to enter in on the side of the Allies, that the Triple Alliance is still in existence, and that Italy was only acting in the spirit of the letter of the Treaty which permitted her to remain neutral. The Alliance is weakened, and in all probability will be broken, but for the moment it is still there, and those who desire an immediate participation by Italy are too impatient.

DUTCH.

In *Vragen des Tijds*, in the course of the sketch of the war during the month, the writer deals with the German outcry against Britain's attempt to starve the enemy. He points out what we all know—namely, that the Germans did not hesitate to starve the people of Paris into submission in 1870-1871, but he also reproduces a significant speech by Count von Caprivi, then German Chancellor, about twenty-three years ago. Caprivi stated that sea war must follow the lines of land war; that as armies encircled cities and prevented anything from going in or out, so must navies prevent the ingoing and outcoming with respect to countries. Caprivi supposed Spain as an example—probably because he did not wish to refer

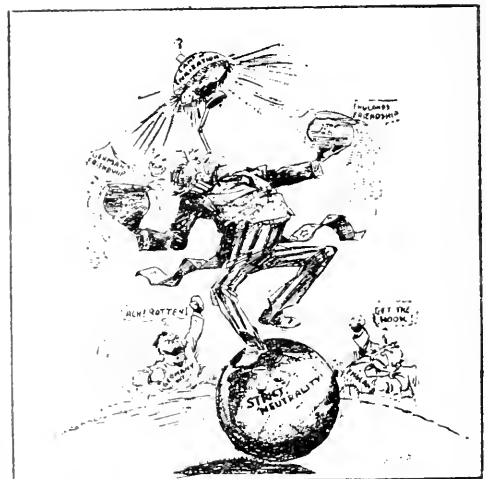
too pointedly to Britain—and pointed out that if Germany were at war with Spain her navy would blockade the coast, as it would not be possible to send an army into that country. All this shows clearly what Germany would do if she had the power, but because Britain is said to have that same idea in view, Germany complains.

In *De Tijdspiegel*, we have an interesting letter (printed in German) from Professor Hans Delbrück, on the value of the neutral countries. It is called "After Peace." Although the Germans would like Holland and Sweden to join in the war, yet there is much to be said in favour of their neutrality. When the war is over, international relations among the Great Powers will be difficult, and internationalism will suffer unless it be kept alive by the aid of the present neutrals. Those who are now enemies will find a common meeting-place on these neutral soils, and relations will ultimately be re established. Naturally, the professor says that all Germans are determined on securing victory for the Fatherland. In a preface, this review cannot refrain from having a dig at the Allies. Britain wishes to extend her Asiatic dominions, France wants Alsace-Lorraine, and Russia is anxious to seize certain wealthy European districts belonging to Germany and Austria. Another contribution is of an entirely different character; it is from the diary of a Protestant pastor, and he gives touching instances of comradeship between the wounded soldiers of both sides. He shows how British and Germans can be seen reading from the same kind of Bible, and remarks upon the pity of the circumstances that have made enemies of two peoples who have so much in common.

SPANISH.

La Lectura has a remarkable article taken from a Buenos Ayres newspaper, in which the writer adopts a novel attitude. He says that they all admire France, because they have regarded that country as *the* one in which liberty flourishes, but none the less the sympathies of many people are with the Central Empires in this conflict. There

will be advantages and disadvantages for all the world whichever side wins, but the fears entertained about German militarism are really groundless, for it will steadily disappear. Underneath that militarism there is real democracy; the German Socialists are in the majority, and they will gradually put an end to it. If Britain wins, all will be under her sway, and that will not be good; if Germany triumphs a real democracy will steadily arise. At first the military spirit will prevail, but will be transitory, speaking from the point of view of the life of nations. The French would give up the idea of the *révanche*, knowing that its realisation was an impossibility, and there would be far more prospect of lasting peace than in the event of a German defeat, for then the Teutons will always be filled with the desire to rise again and re-take the provinces. This seems to be odd reasoning. The writer remembers that France had the provinces taken from her, but appears to think that she ought not to mind, because they were German at one time. One might retort that, as these provinces have been French for so long, Germany ought not to have taken them from her. He says that the language is German; he forgets that, even were the statement quite correct, the sympathies of the population are mainly French.



[Register and Leader.]

[Des Moines.

NOT AS EASY AS IT LOOKED.

FROM DOVER STRAITS TO THE GOLDEN HORN.

BY FRANK H. SIMONDS.

In the following article Mr. Simonds lucidly sets forth the position of the Balkan neutrals, and shows how tremendous has been the effect throughout Europe of the Allied attack on the Dardanelles. It is ever a dangerous thing to prophecy, but, as usual, Mr. Simonds' forecasts have come true, and, two months after he wrote the article for *The American Review of Reviews*, the influences he indicated were at work, have compelled Italian intervention, and have still held Roumania neutral.

I.—AT THE DARDANELLES.

In the whole progress of the Great War no month saw such a sudden and dramatic change as March. Week after week of weary winter campaigning had held the gaze of the world fixed upon the plains of Flanders and Champagne, upon the marshes of East Prussia, where battles without more than local importance gave temporary advantage first to the Allies and then to the Germans. In the monotonous similitude of the official bulletins even a world war lost appeal and challenge to an audience become surfeited with the reports of indecisive engagements.

But with the opening of March a new horizon was suddenly lifted. From the Straits of Dover and the banks of the Vistula the centre of battle shifted to the sea-gate of Constantinople. At the Dardanelles the guns of the greatest armada in the history of the world awakened the echoes of the hills behind the Troad, and the Anglo-French fleet was followed by the transports, come to land troops on the Gallipoli Peninsula, where, in 1355, the Osmanli Turks under Suleiman had entered Europe on the triumphal march that was to lead to the walls of Vienna over the ruins of the Empire of the East and the nascent Slav States of the Balkans.

In October the 42-centimetre guns of Germany had levelled the walls of Antwerp, crushed the gallant but impotent Belgian State, and carried the legend of Teutonic might to the shores of the North Sea, to the very gates of Calais and Boulogne. Now it was the 15-inch

guns of the *Queen Elizabeth* which took up the response along the shores which had seen the hosts and fleets of Xerxes pass forward on their great adventure, which had witnessed the crossing of Alexander the Great as he, carrying back the conquering message of the West, had set forth on his tremendous expedition. In a single day, too, the world turned from the contemplation of campaigns of the Twentieth Century to one more combat in the lands and waters forever memorable in Homer's song.

Nor was the new phase less appealing in immediate political significance than in historical challenge. Russia, heavily beaten about the Masurian Lakes, thrown back upon the defensive from the Baltic to the Roumanian frontier, was proclaimed by German reports to be on the point of giving up the conflict. She had so far borne the burden of the world conflict in a measure beyond the expectations of the civilised world. At Tannenberg, at Lodz, at the Masurian Lakes, she had sacrificed her hundreds of thousands, while French and British troops remained idly in their trenches or failed in their local offensives.

But even as the German forecast was proclaimed, the guns of Admiral Carden's fleet at the Dardanelles sounded the coming of a new day for Russian hope. The dream of Peter the Great, the enduring purpose of the Romanoffs, the deep and potent emotion of every Orthodox Greek Catholic, all these were roused to new life, not merely by a fresh

attack upon Stamboul, but by the exchange of assurances between Russia and Britain across the intervening distance of a continent at war. In Petrograd Sergius Sazonoff announced the approach of the day when Russia would realise her great ambition of an avenue to the open sea. From London Sir Edward Grey responded with the solemn assurance that England and Russia were at one on the question of a warm water gate for the Slav.

Thus, in a single hour the Eastern Question changed its whole appearance. Thus England at last and unmistakably, however guarded the diplomatic phrase, renounced the policy of Beaconfield, the policy which had provoked the Crimean War, and sent the British fleet to the Sea of Marmora to destroy the Treaty of San Stefano. In an hour of Russian defection Germany had sought to draw the great Slav State away from her allies, and those allies, through England, had answered with the promise of the prize for which three centuries of Russian history had been filled with war and effort.

Once more sea power had demonstrated its tremendous advantage, its supreme power. At the first crisis in the relations of the Grand Alliance the battleships of Britain and France, keeping the seas, while Germany's fleet lay idly in home waters, had restored the threatened solidarity of the Kaiser's enemies.

II.—THE RUSSIAN ASPECT.

In an examination of the meaning of the attack upon the Dardanelles it is necessary first to discuss the Russian aspect, then to examine the immediate and remoter effects upon the neighbouring and neutral States. For two hundred years, from the moment when the Treaty of Carlowitz gave the first sign of the decay of the Osmanli, Vienna and Petrograd had openly contested for the estate of the "Sick Man of the East." From the first opening of the Eastern Question to the Congress of Berlin, the alliance of the sea powers and of the central European nations had checked Slav ambition. Three times in the last century Byzantium had seemed

within the grasp of the Romanoffs, and three times it had slipped away.

At the Congress of Berlin Bismarck, after long consideration, decided between Austria and Russia as a future German ally. The Treaty of Berlin, which gave Macedonia back to the Turk, Bosnia to Austria, Cyprus to England, was the beginning of the drama that led inevitably to the tragedy at Sarajevo and the catastrophe of the world war. Beaten in Manchuria, Russia turned back to Europe in the opening years of the present century. On the morning after Mukden there was renewed in the Balkans the old battle between Romanoff and Hapsburg.

In 1908, when Austria announced the annexation of Bosnia, Russia suffered the greatest humiliation in her long history. Following that she began the rapid and successful diplomatic campaign which provoked the first Balkan War. Winning Serbia away from her Viennese leading strings, she made her the Russian soldier on the Danube, a soldier fired by dreams of the redemption of Serb lands beyond the Danube and the Drina. Turkey having become in turn the recruit of Vienna and Berlin, Russia erected that Balkan confederacy which at Lule Burgas and Kumanovo shattered, not Turkish empire in Europe, but Austro-German supremacy south of the Danube.

Austrian diplomacy answered with the second Balkan War, in which Bulgaria, impelled by suggestions from Vienna, assailed her old allies. But at the Bregalnitz and at Kilkis, Serb and Greek armies completed their conquests of Macedonia, and Roumania, now yielding to Petrograd advice, entered the lists to seize from Austria's recruit lands between the Danube and the Black Sea. Bulgaria now lay in ruins, an eloquent reminder of the impotence of Austria, while Serbia, newly swollen with pride and hope, resumed her campaign for Bosnia.

Once more Austrian and German diplomacy sought to bind up the wounds of Turkey, to make the Sultan a vassal of the Kaiser. In this, thanks to Enver Bey, they succeeded, and the coming of the great war, provoked by

Russia's Serbian soldier, saw the Osmanli marching to the notes of "Deutschland ueber Alles."

Germany had thus placed her mailed fist upon the Bosphorus. Between Russian hope and realisation stood a Turkey, in fact, ruled from Berlin. In the same fashion German control of the head of Islam procured the proclamation of the Jihad, the Holy War against the British and the French, that is, the promulgation of the call to arms to the millions of the followers of the Prophet in India and North Africa, the summons to rise and slay their Christian masters, which was heard in all the bazaars from Benares to Tlemcen.

A common necessity then united France, England and Russia. Turkey must be destroyed—the Turkey ruled by the Kaiser—that these nations might hold their colonies. England answered first by the annexation of Egypt. Presently Russia followed by the announcement of Sazonoff, echoed by Sir Edward Grey—the momentous announcement that after 462 years the Turk must depart from Stamboul, that the Cross was to replace the Crescent upon St. Sophia, that, with Anglo-French permission, aid, approval, "the bear that walks like a man" was to descend the Black Sea and occupy the heights above the Golden Horn, that the Russian banner was to be raised on the crumbling walls, at the very breach through which Mohammed II. had, four centuries earlier, entered to meet and slay the last and noblest of the Palaeologi and end the Byzantine Empire.

Taken by the Anglo-French fleet, Constantinople would remain in Allied hands until the end of the war, the gage of Russian fidelity to her allies, the assurance to Russia of a reward for such fidelity beyond the gift of the steel-encircled German Emperor. Meantime, Russian grain flowing out would relieve the sufferings of the Allies, reduce the price of bread in Paris and London. Conversely arms and ammunition would flow back, the resources of the world in the manufacture of war material would be at the service of Russia, hitherto blockaded by the

Kaiser and winter on the north and the Sultan in the south.

III.—WAVERING NEUTRALS.

But the guns of the fleet at the Dardanelles sounded echoes elsewhere than in Petrograd and London. Athens, Sofia, Bucharest, even Rome, heard with new interest, with new and deep emotion, the cannonade that seemed to forecast the end of an empire and the beginning of an era in the Near East.

For Bulgaria the sudden change was of immediate meaning, and Bulgaria held the key of the Balkan situation. In the Second Balkan War her allies, acting under the impulse that was given in Petrograd, had stripped her of most of her conquests. Macedonia, from Monastir to the Rhodopians, had gone to Serbia; Kavala, Seres, Drama, had passed from Ferdinand to Constantine; her fairest Danubian province, hers before the wars, later had been occupied and annexed by Roumania. The Turk had come back to Adrianople. After all her sacrifices, she had gained next to nothing.

Russia was held responsible for all this, and against Russia the Bulgar henceforth sung his "hymn of hate." Thus when Serbia, impelled by Russia, entered into her unequal conflict with Austria, every sympathy in Sofia was against her. That Bulgarian regiments did not appear at Nish was due solely to the fact that Roumanian and Greek troops on the Bulgarian frontiers served to demonstrate that Serbia's allies were prepared to fulfil their treaty obligations and maintain the terms of the Peace of Bucharest.

But, by way of revenge, when Russian troops entered Bukovina, and the Tsar beckoned to Greek and Roumanian armies to join in the war and realise their national aspirations in Albania and Transylvania, there came from Sofia the solemn warning that Bulgaria would reserve her right to avenge her injuries, should the opportunity come, unless her lost provinces were restored. This warning had sufficed to immobilise Roumania and Greece for months, but for all three nations the coming of the Allied Armada opened a new situation.

Venzelos, the Cavour of the new Greece, the great man of the Balkans, promptly sought to join Greece to the Allies, but his effort failed. King Constantine, perhaps influenced by his wife, the sister of the Kaiser, possibly still restrained by the Bulgarian menace, intervened, the Boulé was dissolved, Greece was thus compelled to wait a month before her public opinion could express itself, but there was no mistaking the direction of Greek national sympathy, Greek desire to redeem the million of Hellenes in Asia Minor, about whose heads another Allied fleet at Smyrna was bringing Ottoman power down in ruins.

In Sofia there was equal agitation, and a strong political party demanded that Bulgaria's armies should re-enter Thrace, should seize the propitious moment to retake Adrianople, as the Turks had retaken it from the Bulgars, should carry their frontier down to the Enos-Midia line agreed upon at London in 1913. But this meant to join the Allies, conceivably to renounce all hope of retaking Macedonia or the Danubian province stolen by Roumania. In this situation Ferdinand followed the example of Constantine, and Bulgarian action was halted. Yet the new spirit in Sofia and in Athens, was an evidence of the decline of German influence, of the supreme advantage that would come to the Allies if they should take Constantinople and gain possession of the resources with which to feed Balkan appetites.

In Roumania the situation was more complex. The prospect of Russian possession of the Straits was a peril for the Romanians, who, unlike the Greeks and the Bulgarians, had no direct and open exit to the Mediterranean. On the other hand, the prospect of Bulgarian expansion, of Greek gains, consequent upon a decision by these States to cast their lots with the Allies, was a new incentive to Bucharest to join in the combat, and by conquering Transylvania and Bukovina preserve Roumanian influence as the greatest of the Balkan States.

While the bombardment of the forts progressed there was no mistaking the effect that Austro-German influence,

quite as much as Turkish power, was crumbling in the Near East. A new Balkan situation was arising, Greece, Roumania, Bulgaria, Serbia, their racial integrity restored, promised to constitute a wall of strong little nations perhaps presently united by common necessities, a wall against the German ambition to construct a Teutonic empire from Berlin to Bagdad, to the frontiers of India. More than this, the passing of the Turk promised to leave to the aged Francis Joseph an undisputed title to the throne of "the Sick Man of the East." For what the little peoples of the Balkans had achieved, it was plain the little peoples of Austria-Hungary would now seek with new determination—the great blessing of liberty, of freedom.

IV.—ITALY ALSO STIRS.

If the reveille of the guns of the *Queen Elizabeth* at the entrance of the Dardanelles was heard in the Balkan capitals, it was even more plainly audible in the Italian capital, and once more the approach of the fall of Constantinople aroused the emotions of Rome. Nor was there any mistaking the direction of national sentiment. Here, as elsewhere, sea power was making itself supreme.

In August Italy had decided not to follow her allies. To every appeal of Berlin and Vienna she had answered with a cool negative, while the calm voice of diplomacy was emphasised by the cries of the mobs which demanded that Italy should complete her destiny by annexing the Trentino and Trieste, and taking up again the pathway of Venetian glory along the Dalmatian coast.

In November Germany had sent Prince von Bülow, an ex-Chancellor of the Empire, to Rome to try again. He had offered Italy Nice and Savoy, Corsica and Tunis, the empire of the western Mediterranean. But to all these poisoned gifts Italy had remained unresponsive. While these offers were being made, another Garibaldi had given his life for France in the trenches of the Wœvre, and the whole Italian people approached his bier with an emotion and a national spirit that warned German agents and Italian

statesmen that the Italian people had forgotten Nice in the burning memory of Austrian tyranny, and were looking east, not west, to see Italian greatness realised.

Presently German diplomacy changed its direction. Where it had sought to buy alliance, it now contracted for neutrality, and the Trentino and a strip of territory east of the Italian frontier along the Isonzo were suggested as the price of Italy's neutrality. But from such a bargain Vienna and Rome both shrunk. Vienna held the price too high, Rome, too small; and German irritation at Austrian obstinacy began to find its way into the German official press for the first time.

In this situation the attack upon Constantinople aroused a fresh outburst of Italian feeling, gave new impetus to the forces which seemed to be drawing Italy into the war. In deciding not to attack France in 1914, Italy had definitely renounced a struggle for the supremacy of the western Mediterranean. But the fall of Turkey would mean the partition of Asia Minor, the division of the Ægean Islands. To the conquerors would belong the prize. France, England and Russia might expect to divide the Turkish estate, throwing to the Balkan States such morsels as generosity or policy might dictate. For Italy there would be no share, if Italy bore no part of the burden of conquest.

Once more, as in the unhappy Tunis time, there was quoted the Italian proverb: "The late guest fares ill." Italy had come too late to take her rightful place in North Africa. Of the Roman estate Tunis, Algeria, Morocco had gone to France, Egypt to Great Britain. For herself she had gained only sterile Tripoli. Henceforth the control of the Mediterranean would belong to the Anglo-French alliance. To a neutral Italy this alliance, once Germany was conquered and Austria overwhelmed, need make no concession. Rather it would be Italy that would hereafter have to yield.

Thus it was that the fate of Constantinople became an Italian problem, and once more the world heard of new Italian mobilisation, of a fleet of super-

dreadnoughts waiting on the tide, as it were. Even Berlin, long hopeful, began at last to give unmistakable signs of apprehension, a fresh confession that fate and diplomacy were alike against the Kaiser, whose splendid armies were still winning tremendous but fruitless victories, while sea power and Allied diplomacy were little by little undermining the whole structure of the Central European Alliance.

In the third week of March, Bucharest and Rome, Sofia and Athens were all the centres of new military activities, the sources of new forecasts all pointing unmistakably to the entrance of other nations into the conflict, and to no one of these nations could Germany look for assistance. Thus, if one could think of the Central European Alliance as a human figure, gigantic in proportions, the head and shoulders of Germany would emerge unshaken, but they would rest upon the dwindling Austrian body, itself poised on Turkish feet of clay. These feet of clay the Allies had now attacked with the contemporary prospect of achieving the overthrow of the giant.

V.—ON LAND.

East and west on land no major operation occurred during the first three weeks of March. In Northern Poland the Russians, defeated at the Battle of the Masurian Lakes, retreated to the Niemen, the Bobr, and the Narew. Behind this line they rallied and took the offensive. But after brief successes new German armies coming south from Mława again put the Russians on the defensive, and the whole campaign dropped temporarily to a dead level of local and minor combats.

South of the Vistula in Poland, the lines remained with little change, although here also the Russians claimed small advances which were matched by equal claims of their opponents. In Galicia the Russian defence apparently succeeded in halting and turning back the ambitious Austrian drive through Bukowina, and by Stanisław and Halicz at Lemberg. Certainly after a steady advance for some days the Austro-German armies halted, the Russian re-occupation of Czernowitz was forecast,

and finally floods of the Dniester and Pruth temporarily stopped all operations.

Along the eastern and northern slopes of the Carpathians, both Russian and Austrian reports agreed that the fighting was steady and murderous. Both sides claimed local advantages, but there was no reason to dispute the Russian claim that they had succeeded in foiling a great Austro-German drive to relieve Przemsyl, now in its fifth month of siege, to retake Lemberg, to clear the Galician province of the Russian forces which had held it since September. For the rest the March battle in the east seemed drawn.

There remained the possibility that the Germans would succeed in their new drive at Warsaw from East Prussia by the fortified line of Novo Georgievsk, or cut the Petrograd railroad east of Warsaw and south of the Bug. Along a broad front from Kovno, in the face of Grodno, of Louza, and Ostrolenka, German columns were operating and heavy artillery assailed the forts of Ossowiec. But the time of the thaws was close at hand, and when this time came the whole Trans-Vistulan region would be transformed into a swamp. What, therefore, seemed most likely was that the Germans were merely taking position beyond their own frontiers, having cleared East Prussia of invaders and preparing for a defensive campaign here.

In France and Belgium there was little more to record. Between Rheims and the Argonne the French attempted their most considerable offensive since the Alsatian campaign had halted. Pushing north in the Plain of Chalons, they sought to interpose between German armies before Verdun and Rheims. Their objectives were the railway lines which, coming south from Sedan, touch Vouziers and turn west to feed the dis-

trict west of Rheims. Could they cut these lines the French would partially isolate the Germans before Rheims and be on their flank and reaching toward their rear.

Could they push this advance north from Vouziers to the Meuse they would cut the great trunk line between Metz and western France by which the Germans moved their corps east or west as the emergency arose. But they made little progress. Le Mesnil, Souain, Beauséjour remained steadily in the dispatches, and on the fields where Attila had been defeated and Kellerman had won Valmy the French achieved no new or considerable victory.

About La Bassée the British in the second week of March made a sudden forward thrust, capturing a few miles of ground and the village of Neuve Chapelle. La Bassée and Lille were their objectives. But the fight for La Bassée had begun on October 20, and on March 15 it had not ended. The importance of La Bassée arose from the fact that it was a single isolated hill rising out of the plain, and covering several important highways and railroads. But every attack since the October struggle had so far failed.

For the rest in France there was heard the whispers of the new "push" to begin with the spring, and spring was at hand. It was an unconcealed fact that for weeks British troops had been pouring into France. There was no longer any secret made of the news that the advance guard of Kitchener's "million" were at last come to France. But from the Yser to the Vosges the battle lagged. The winter campaign was closing, but it was closing on the lines on which it had begun. German defences in France still held. Joffre's tactics were limited to "nibbling." Great armies were waiting expectantly, but they continued to wait.





A FRENCH HEAVY GUN IN THE ARGONNE.
Note caterpillar wheel and method of concealment.

What the French Armies Have Done

It is not surprising that we have come to imagine that the British forces in France are bearing the brunt of the German attack, and that, had it not been for them, Paris might have fallen. Naturally, our correspondents tell mostly about the doings of French's army, we read letters from men at the front, "Eyewitness" gives us his periodical and eminently readable accounts of the fighting on the British section. Although his narrative tells us little of real value, by recounting the achievements of this or that regiment, telling even of the individual deeds of heroism which have come under his notice, it gives us a more or less personal interest in what our men are doing.

The French laconic official reports, on the other hand, merely chronicle slight advances here, checks there. They make not the slightest attempt to give a consecutive story of what is going on. There is no effort to catch the imagina-

tion. All we say on reading them is, "The French are beginning to do something at last," or "When is that advance the French have always talked about going to begin?" We actually hear more of the doings of the Belgian army than of the French, for the Belgians have never seen the need of the absolute prohibition of war correspondents. Generals French and Joffre have so rigidly enforced. The result is that the little sector defended by the gallant Belgian army is the happy hunting ground of correspondents who are barred from all access to the rest of the Allied fighting front. Most people have in consequence an entirely wrong idea of the relative value of the work which is being done by the forces of the three Allies on the western theatre of war.

Great as undoubtedly is the achievement of the British arms, it is in reality hardly comparable with that of the French. The reason we have come to



GENERAL GALLIENI.
The popular hero of Paris.

imagine it easily the greatest is because we have heard so much more about it. A moment's consideration demonstrates the actual disparity of the tasks before the two armies, Gallic and British. The entire front from the North Sea to Switzerland is about 450 miles in length. The British and Belgians between them hold 50 miles, the French have to hold back a determined foe on a line no less than 400 miles long! The assumption that the Germans have delivered their most furious attacks in Flanders against the British trenches is incorrect, for, violent as their onslaughts have been in the extreme north, those they have delivered at Soissons, in the Argonne, and about Verdun have been every bit as fierce. The French have had to be prepared to throw back an assault anywhere along their entire front of 400 miles, just as the Anglo-Belgians have to be ready to repel an attack at any point in the 50 miles they were called on to protect. If we took any fifty-mile section south of La Bassée the work

done on it might possibly not equal that done north of that town, although in all probability it would be just as strenuous; but if we took the eight fifty-mile sections in charge of the French it is perfectly obvious that our valiant ally has been called upon to do about eight times as much as Great Britain.

Few of us have given the French credit for the magnificent way in which they have held this line or quite realised the manner in which again and again they have rushed troops to French's support. Not for a moment ought we to belittle England's efforts, but these have been on the water chiefly; what she has done on the land, magnificent though it is, is only a fraction of what the French have had to do. It is the French army which has had to meet the main shock of the German invasion, and it is but right that we should recognise the fact, and rejoice in our Ally's achievements. To assume as many seem to do that the French soldiers have done comparatively little, and that had it not been for the stiffening of British troops Paris would have fallen, France perhaps have been conquered, is, of course, sheer nonsense. That is shown by the numbers engaged at the battles of Mons and Charleroi, where the armies first met, and that of the Marne, where the German offensive was hurled back.

The invading German forces have been variously estimated at from a million to two and a-half million soldiers. Taking even the lower figure, how relatively paltry was the British army of 70,000 men. Granting that in experience, in training, in equipment, it was easily the best force in the field, it is clearly absurd to assume that it could have had much influence in delaying the German onrush or in saving Paris at the Marne. As a matter of fact it was not the stubborn and magnificent valour of the British at Mons which upset the German plan, it was the tenacious resistance of the French army under Castelnau in the Verdun neighbourhood. It was there, not further north, that the schemes of the German General Staff were shattered.

Although there is no official French statement on the matter, it now appears

pretty obvious that the British hung on to their position at Mons too long, and somewhat upset the general scheme of retirement which Joffre had decided on. Whether this be so or not, it is clear that the entire surrounding of the British force was only prevented by a determined French offensive which checked the enveloping movement of the Germans. Even as it was, almost half the total British army at that time in the field was left behind, dead, wounded or captured. It is admitted that the prisoners taken on that occasion numbered about 20,000. No one would dream of minimising in any way the masterly strategy of General French, which finally extricated the remnant of his troops; all one would attempt to point out is that it was the French armies, not the British troops, that held the Germans, and finally compelled them to retreat to the Aisne. The numerical insignificance of the British

army made it a physical impossibility for it to play any predominant part in checking the hordes of Germans hurled towards Paris. After the Marne French's immediate command could certainly not have equalled a twentieth of the Gallic armies.

We know now how the Teutonic avalanche was arrested, turned back, and compelled to retreat to the Aisne. How Joffre got together his "secret army" at Amiens. How Gallieni collected every last man of the Paris garrison, packed them into taxis, limousines, motor busses, lorries and any other vehicle he could lay his hands on, and flung them on to von Kluck's flank at l'Ourck, where, scratch lot as they were, led by the heroic and now dangerously-wounded General Maunoury, they gave the Germans their first defeat. How Foch, in defiance of all military teachings, of which he is himself probably the most able exponent, hung on and



GENERAL FERDINAND FOCH.

Second in command of the French Armies



GENERAL MICHEL MAUNOURY.

Shot through the eye whilst visiting advance trenches.

achieved the impossible. How the advance and desperate assault of the "secret army" won the day, and changed defeat into victory. The British troops nobly played their part, perhaps more than their part, but after all it was a very small one compared to that played by the French.

There have been practically no accounts of the doings of the French army, so strict has been the veto against war correspondents. Frederick Palmer's article, "With the French in the Vosges," which appears in *Collier's*, is therefore doubly interesting. He was the first correspondent permitted to visit the trenches near Nancy, to see something of the unadvertised portion of that long line that swings around the fortress of Verdun into Southern Alsace:—

A trip to the region of Nancy opened a new world (he says): I was to witness worse destruction than in Belgium, which had gone unheralded, and to hear a story of war worth telling again, even if it had been told before—which it had not. There it was, and not in front of Paris, that Paris was saved; there the

two most skilful armies, the French and the German—Teuton staff brains against Gallic staff brains, Teuton courage against Gallic courage—wrestled with each other in such picturesque surroundings that death in battle fought with modern arms had something of the splendour of former days compared to the wallowing, alligator business of the trenches in Flanders.

But a word about Paris before we start on our journey. Though I had been in Calais and Dunkirk during the fight for the Channel ports, I had not been in Paris since the siege was threatened, and I had some glimpses of the retreat of the Germans to the Aisne. The lapse of time permitted comparisons. Meanwhile, too, I had been in Berlin. I found that more business was being done in Paris than in Berlin; wounded were less frequent in the streets; there were ten customers in a Paris department store to one in Berlin. But in Berlin there was unshaken confidence, which lessened as you approached the front; in Paris, a question mark, which changed into confidence as you approached the front.

The French, as well as the English and the Germans, have learned that the best way for those at home to help those at the front is to keep on with their work. Only the Frenchman does not boast of this simulated normality. He insists all the while that he is at war; and how can things be normal when there is war, monsieur? This attitude seems human; one might guess that it was logical. Indeed, the French do the least boasting of any of the warring nations. Some of the others evidently regard boasting as a necessary part of war. Perhaps it is. I notice that Jack Johnson and other leading prize-fighters indulge in it frequently; though George Washington and General Lafayette and Ulysses S. Grant and Admiral David Farragut were not much given to it, I believe. As to how the French fight, ask the Germans who have been facing the French along that eastern front—and the Germans are some judges of fighting.

Nancy, capital of French Lorraine, is so near Metz, the great German fortress



A UNIQUE OCCASION.

General Pau being presented to the Kaiser at the Swiss Grand Manoeuvres in 1912.

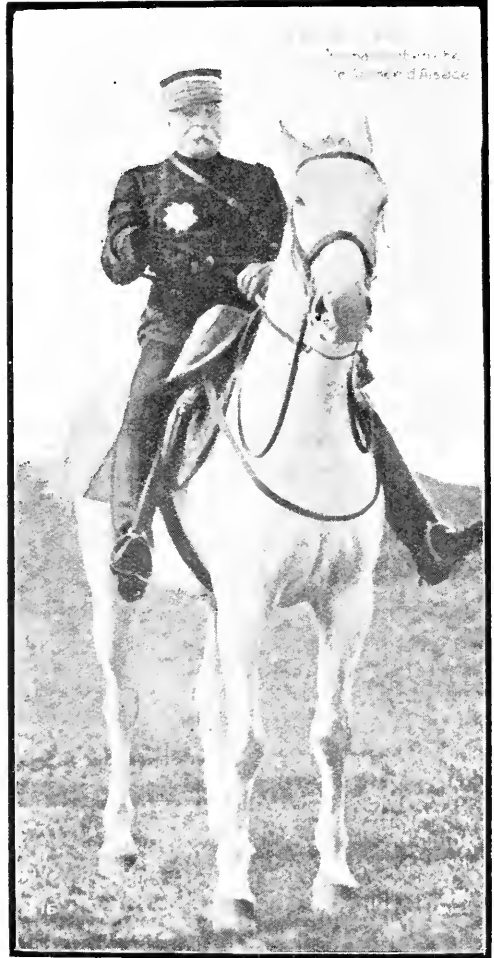
town of German Lorraine, that excursion trains used to run to Nancy in the opera season. "They are not running this winter," say the wits of Nancy. "For one reason, we have no opera—and there are other reasons." An aeroplane from the German lines has only to toss a bomb in the course of an average reconnaissance on Nancy if it chooses; Zeppelins are within easy commuting distance. But here was Nancy as brilliantly lighted at nine in the evening as any city of its size at home. Our train, too, had run with the windows unshaded. After the darkness of London, and after English trains with every window shade closely drawn, this was a surprise.

The sentries Mr. Palmer met were men in the thirties. "A few weeks before, in Belgium, their German counterpart, the Landstrum, were the monitors of a journey that I made. No troops are more military than the first line Germans; but in the snap and spirit of his salute the French Territorial has an *élan*, a martial fervour, which the phlegmatic German in the thirties lacks."

He tells of the great battle in August as it was related to him by officers who were present:—

An icy gale swept across the white crest of the plateau on this January day, but it was nothing to the gale of shells that descended on it in late August and early September. Forty thousand shells, it is estimated, fell there. You kick up fragments of steel on the field like peanut shells after a circus has gone. Here were the emplacements of one battery of French *soixante-quinze*—that 75-millimetre field gun which is the toast of all France—within a circle of holes torn by its adversaries' replies to its fire; a little further along, concealed by shrubbery, the position of another battery which the enemy had not located. "So that was it!" The struggle on the immense landscape, where at least two hundred thousand men were killed and wounded, became as simple as some Brobdingnagian football match.

Mr. Palmer laments the lost opportunity of describing a real battle, but, alas! no newspaper correspondent was



GENERAL PAU,
The Idol of the Army.

permitted in the neighbourhood in August, and, although all he need have done was to climb a hill to see the entire battlefield unfolded before him, he was not there, and the world is the poorer, for that marvellous scene can never be described now. When the war began the French rushed for Alsace and Lorraine, and although we heard little of the effort we now know how great it was, for in one battle alone, before Metz, it appears that the French lost close on 100,000 men captured by the Germans. Of dead and wounded we have no estimate even.

"Before the war began the French would not move a man within five miles of the frontier lest it be provocative;

but once the issue was joined they sprang for Alsace and Lorraine, their imagination magnetised by the thought of the recovery of the lost provinces. Their Alpine Chasseurs, mountain men of the Alpine and the Pyrenees districts, were concentrated for the purpose.

I recalled a remark I had heard in London: "What a pitiful little offensive that was!" It was made by one of those armchair "military experts" who look at a map and jump at a conclusion. Some men of this type have quite a vogue in our country, too. They appear very wise in their wordiness when real military experts are silent for want of knowledge. Pitiful, was it? Ask the Germans who faced it what they think. Pitiful, that sweep over those mountain walls and through the passes? Pitiful, perhaps, because it failed, though not until it had taken Château-Salins in the north and Mulhouse in the south. The Confederates also failed at Antietam and at Gettysburg, but the Union army never thought of their efforts as pitiful.

The French fell back because all the weight of the German army was thrown against France, while the Austrians were left to look after the slowly mobilising Russians. To make sure of saving Paris, as the Germans swung their mighty flanking column through Belgium, Joffre had to draw in his lines. The Germans came over the hills as splendidly as the French had gone. They struck in all directions toward Paris. In Lorraine was their left flank, meant to play the same part to the east than von Kluck played to the west. We heard only of von Kluck and the British retreat from Mons; nothing of this terrific struggle in Lorraine.

Mr. Palmer tells of the terrific German onslaught, the hail of shells, the storm of bullets:—

Ah, it took more than artillery to beat back the best troops of France in a country like this—a country of rolling hills and fenceless fields cut by many streams and set among thick woods, where infantry on a bank or at a forest's edge with rifles and rapid-firers and guns kept their barrels cool until the charge developed in the open. Some of

these forests are only a few acres in extent; others are hundreds of acres. In the dark depths of one a frozen lake was seen glistening from our position on the plateau of Amance.

"Indescribable that scene which we witnessed from here," said an officer who had been on the plateau throughout the fighting. "All the splendid majesty of war was set on a stage before you. It was intoxication. We could see the lines of troops in their retreat and advance, batteries and charges shrouded in shrapnel smoke. What hosts of guns the Germans had! They seemed to be sowing the whole face of the earth with shells. The roar of the thing was like that of chaos itself. It was the exhilaration of the spectacle that kept us from dropping from fatigue. Two weeks of this business! Two weeks with every unit of artillery and infantry, always ready, if not actually engaged!"

The general in command was directing not one but many battles, each with a general of its own; manœuvring troops across the streams and open places, seeking the cover of forests, with the aeroplanes unable to learn how many of the enemy were hidden in the forests on his front, while he tried to keep his men out of angles and make his movements correspond with those of the divisions on his right and left. Skill this required, skill equivalent to German skill; the skill which you cannot organise in a month after calling for a million volunteers, but which grows through years of organisation.

Shall I call the general in chief command General X? This is what the censor, which means the army staff, prefers to have him called. A great modern army like the French is a machine; any man, high or low, only a unit of the machine. In this case the real name of X is Castelnau. If it lacks the fame which may seem its due, that may be because he was not operating near a transatlantic cable end. Fame is not the business of French generals nowadays. It is war. What counted was that he never let the Germans get near the gap at Mirecourt.

NOTABLE BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

RUSSIANS AND THE WAR.

Russia and the World. By Stephen Graham. (Cassell & Co. 10/6 net.)

Mr. Stephen Graham has given us a presentment of the soul of the Russian people as it has impressed his own soul, for which we owe him most earnest thanks. He had been tramping through Siberia for months, and had reached the frontier of China a little time before war was declared. He was at a restful Altai Cossack village, where the young men were busy with their scythes and the children gathering in the fruit, when, on July 31, the order came to mobilise. It is interesting, by the way, to learn that mobilisation in this far outpost of Tsardom began on this date. No one knew where they might have to fight or with whom, but at once tools were dropped, and in the most orderly fashion horses were looked over, accoutrements and clothing gathered, and all preparations made for the ride of nearly 1000 miles before the railway could be reached. Word had come that the foes were German. Like many another Englishman, Graham was incredulous, for he knew what war with Germany must mean. Then came the service of farewell:—

What scenes there were that day! All the men of the village had become soldiers and pranced on their horses. At eight o'clock in the morning the holy-water basin was taken from the church and placed with triple candles on the open, sun-blazed mountain side. The Cossacks met there as at a rendezvous, and all their womenfolk, in multifarious bright cotton dresses and tear-stained faces, walked out to say a last religious good-bye. The bareheaded, long-haired priest came out in vestment of violet blue, and behind him came the old men of the village carrying ikons and banners of the church; after them the village choir, singing as they marched. A strange mingling of sobbing and singing went up to heaven from the crowd outside the wooden village, this vast irregular collection of women on foot clustered about a long double line of stalwart horsemen. . . .

"God is with you," said the priest in his sermon, the tears running down his face the while. "God is with you; not a hair of your head will be lost. Never turn your backs on the foe. Remember that if you

do you endanger the eternal welfare of your souls. Remember, too, that a letter, a postcard—one line—will be greedily read by all of us who remain behind. . . . God bless His faithful slaves!"

Graham, too, travelled westward. It is not easy to find words fully appreciative of what he saw and heard during his journey; that to Russia this war is a Holy War, which the Japanese war was not, is to him incontrovertible. When war was declared, he says, Russia suddenly grew lighter, as if an evil spirit had jumped off her back. Mile after mile as he journeyed gave him interesting glimpses of the preparations.

When, in September, he reached Warsaw he found no depression of the national spirit—no strikes, no riots, no revolutionary propaganda; instead, an all-pervading cheerfulness and national unanimity which even the most optimistic could not have foreseen. The absence of vodka would have made a blank in the peasant's life, for ordinarily he feels he has nothing of interest but to drink; now the war and its interests have filled up that blank. Women and children vie with each other in helping, or are wholly given up to work for the soldiers, the wounded, and even the prisoners; whilst the Russian soldier goes to battle singing hymns and the children stop their daily tasks at the ring of the church bell to remember a prayer for their men in the field.

Mr. Graham is keen against the campaign of vulgarity, by which the minds of the masses are being poisoned. He gives a word of praise to Germans, to the English a stronger word, and says the Russians are a singularly noble, wild and simple people. He paints the contradictions well; thus:—

The Russian subtlety and contradictoriness, the Russian mysticism and unpracticality, above all things Russian national untidiness, are intolerable to the German. The German is filled with loathing directly he passes the Russian frontier; the difference between the well-built towns, storehouses and firm highways of Eastern Prussia and the Wilderness of Russian Poland

is almost incredible. To enter Russia is to step down into an inferior world, a world that needs setting right.

On the other hand --

The whole of Russian popular feeling is of tenderness rather than rapacity, and though, of course, there lurks in the Russian soul not only the brutal German but the more brutal Tartar, yet it is love to one another, fellow-sympathy in suffering, and gentle sociability that keep the great nation together. It is these that unite them round the sacred ark of the race. The Germans sneering at the weak and at the victims of their lust for power, with their brutal materialism and their cruelty, represent that which is most foreign to the Russian heart, and consequently that which is most abhorred by all the people.

With foreknowledge he said:—

The Russians cannot do much yet on German soil. Warsaw is going to be in danger off and on all the winter. Directly the Russians begin fighting on German soil they are up against German science, German railways, German technical superiority. The Russians have a much harder task than the French and English on the other side. You must depend on yourselves if you are going to win properly. When once the hands of the Germans are forced on the west Russia will follow heavily in the east.

He gives a testimony to the peasant's bravery, which every newspaper has confirmed:—

By all accounts, it was the enthusiasm and daring of the peasant soldiers that

saved Warsaw from bombardment and German occupation. . . . The peasants themselves are deeply calm regarding the spectacle of suffering and death. Death does not horrify them; on the contrary, the idea of glorious death is spiritual meat and drink to them. They love their brother soldier alive, but when he is dead he becomes something holy. This makes the Russian almost invincible. The only thing that could disturb the enthusiasm of the Russian troops would be the idea that they were fighting for a wrong cause.

And so, with opinions, anecdotes of the war, reasoned statements as to the difficult Jewish question, the promise to the Poles, and the Finnish anxiety, Mr. Graham presents his own impressions to the reading world. He closes with a warning against the idea that this war can be a last war, for Hate is always gathering to centres and discharging itself. He expects that one result will be a popularised Imperial service; but what we need to remember nationally and individually is that position in life is not the first thing, earning a living is not the first thing, commerce is not the first thing, but that all these things are added if we have first the will to serve an ideal. The peace that Christianity gives is the peace in the depths of the heart.

BISMARCK IN FICTION.

The Man of Iron. By Richard Dehan. (Heinemann, 6/-.) (George Robertson, Melbourne.)

Richard Dehan never tires our patience by a long-drawn-out introduction, though at times the meticulous carefulness with which she gives every little detail of a room or a dress makes one impatient, even whilst realising that that very carefulness of detail may make the impression stronger. The novel, we know, was commenced nearly two years ago, and was finished before the outbreak of the war; it is, therefore, a singular coincidence that it should relate to the 1870 conflict, with Bismarck as its outstanding character.

One of the most interesting chapters is the description of the famous dinner taken by Bismarck, Moltke and von Roon when the question of war or peace was being debated, and during which meal the Chancellor is said to

have received the telegram from the King of Prussia which might have meant peace if its whole contents had been given to the world instead of the faked edition which was sent to the Ambassadors and the Press.

The hero of the story bursts upon us as a small boy attired in his first breeches, fighting furiously because his nurse, who has only put them on to see whether they fit, desires to take them off to remove the tacking-threads. The young pickle, having got under the dining-room table to frighten his step-mother, unintentionally hears words about himself which influence all his future life. It is novel to find the stage "aside" replaced, by a man's other self reminding the older self of his earlier actions, and so giving us the necessary insight into the family affairs of the boy's father.

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Carolán Breagh fails to pass his examinations, loses his father and step-mother during the Indian Mutiny, and at the age of twenty-three is stranded in Fleet-street, on a raw morning, with but a few pence in his pocket. He has just heard that his trustee has shot himself, after losing Carolán's money. Going to see his step-sister, who is well placed in a convent, he faints with hunger, and is brought-to by her comrade, a little French girl. He does not tell his sister his difficulty, but is rescued by an amusing old fellow, a publisher's warehouseman, and is launched, by his means, into the midst of the terrific fight between the opposing French and German armies soon after the episode of Saarbruck. Whilst plodding behind the German forces, he finds his pretty little French friend of the convent hunting vainly to recover the body of her dead father; and one of the really impressive episodes of the book occurs when Juliette entreats him to find her a priest who would hold the office of burial over her father's grave. Juliette is persuaded to remain in the house whilst Carolán returns to the field of battle for that purpose. He is passed by an old Abbé whose personality he vaguely remembers, and who willingly consents to act. The grave having been filled in, the prayers duly said, Carolán, strangely awed, afterwards makes his confession on the battle-field at the old man's feet, only to learn later on that the Abbé had died a short time before, and that it could have been no mortal man who pronounced the benediction.

The evil influence of the story is a woman, Juliette's mother, who, having deserted her husband and child, is acting as a spy on both sides, and has inveigled her daughter away from her

protectress, intending to make use of her as a lure. At the time when Carolán finds her on the battlefield, Juliette had learned the plot, and was trying to make her way back to her old home at Versailles. The two get there after many adventures, and take up their abode in the very villa where, later, Bismarck dictated the terms of peace to M. Thiers. Juliette and Carolán disguised, the one as the mistress of the house, the other as a sort of stable boy, not only overhear some surprising discussions, but manage even to soften the hard-hearted Bismarck, so that he gives them passports and enables them to travel straight away to England in safety.

This is but a rough outline of a story filled with diverse incidents. The battle descriptions are told with such virile force that horror and pity become painful, whilst, oddly enough, the multiple adjectives and epithets of the earlier chapters are dropped as if they were just mannerisms, forgotten so soon as the author had got into full swing. There are humorous touches; for instance, Bismarck, with sardonic humour, plays cat-and-mouse with the young lovers, who have no idea that he had soon discovered their identity. Many personal touches make vivid the notabilities of that period—German, French and English. One whimsicality there is which it takes time to forgive. The hero's initials are always tacked on to his surname in such a manner that the reader is reminded of a burly policeman. That Richard Dehan's last is equal to "The Dop Doctor" few will agree, but that is a mishap not uncommon to authors who have suddenly surprised the world with a remarkable creation.

SUPER-MAGAZINE STORIES.

Olga Nazimov and Other Stories. By W. L. George. (Mills and Boon, 6s.)

When an accomplished writer like Mr. W. L. George publishes his first collection of short stories, one naturally expects a good deal of them. To begin with, one expects a great deal of the short story itself, of the short story in

the abstract. In a novel it is easy to tolerate occasional lapses, occasional fumbings. But the short story must be a perfect gem, flawless. It must have a philosophy. It must be the product of a keenly tempered irony, or of a great simplicity, the overwhelming simplicity of passionate feeling. Or, at a lower

level, which nevertheless admits of perfection in its kind, a short story may be plain narrative, the telling of curious or amusing events; a purely objective exercise of the constructive faculties, anecdotic like the kinema.

Mr. George's stories do not fall exactly under any of these categories. Most of them are ironical, none have the stark simplicity of passionate feeling that seems to tell without artifice; some are almost, but not quite, purely anecdotic. Scarcely any are entirely devoid of an individual way of thinking, of philosophy. Without exception they are brilliantly told; Mr. George wastes no time, plunging you so quickly into what he wishes to say that you seem to be caught up by the events themselves, to become an invisible, silent actor in the fiction. These stories do not so much begin as continue from a previous state; it is like opening the door of a room where a clever pianist is playing Beethoven, and hearing the music burst upon silence.

But, of course, no one who knows Mr. George's novels would expect him to bungle a short story. Here, in a few pages, is all the constructive ability, all the wealth of observation, all the sensitiveness for the dramatic contrast, for the colour of life that give such distinction to the novels. And yet, on closing the book, it is impossible not to confess a slight feeling of disappointment that these stories, which are so much better,

so much more vital, than magazine stories, should yet be only super-magazine stories after all. Of course, the standards are set impossibly high. Mr. George's philosophy insists on offering itself for comparison with Gorki's, or Maupassant's, or Tchekhov's; his irony with the "Contes Cruelles." That such comparisons even suggest themselves is flattering tribute, and to expect those short stories to be works of genius would be to take Mr. George more seriously than he has intended. He is secure enough on his own ground as one of the best writers of magazine stories working to-day.

Which of these tales is the best is a matter of taste. All are good. "Olga Nazimov," which takes up a third of the book, is the most ambitious. But of all I like best "The Patriot," because here the irony is so savage that I suspect it is a little admiring too. "Une Affaire Compliquée" is the best of three ingenious grotesques, and "Honour," in which a wife, after her husband has robbed his employers to keep pace with her increasingly insistent extravagance, suggests to him in a coaxing whisper that he should take some of the petty cash to pay for a musquash coat is really beautiful in its sardonic subtlety. "Revenge," a description of an execution by guillotine, might almost be set in a triptych with a horrible fragment by Turgenev and a chapter from "Old Wives' Tale."

THE MAKER OF THE FIRST AUTOMATIC GUN.

My Life. By Sir Hiram S. Maxim. (Methuen. 16s. net.)

Bubbling over with pugnacious life, these reminiscences of Sir Hiram Maxim are not only fountains of the fun we need so much just now, but they contain the full American flavour which we so much enjoy. Underlying the surface-brightness, however, is the deep seriousness of a man who has worked hard and suffered much, and who, conscious of great powers, has been incessantly chafed by the indifference of the incredulous. Beginning his story in jocular fashion, Sir Hiram says it would not be advisable for him to tell

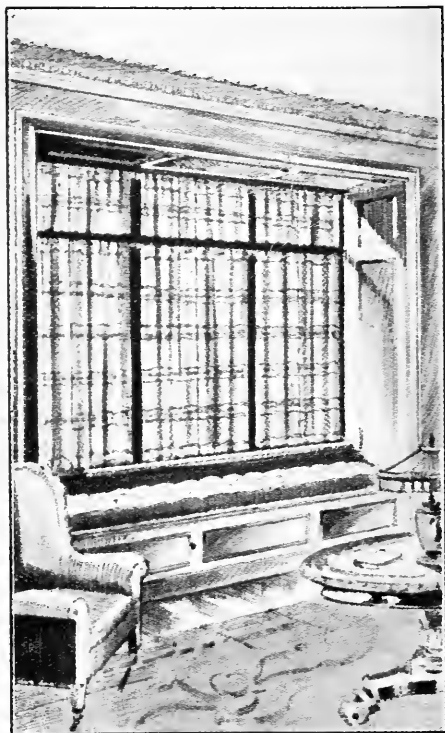
the *whole* truth, as it might entangle him in numerous lawsuits. Untroubled with religious proclivities, he tells his stories with engaging frankness, which may, however, be occasionally frowned upon by parents, especially the giving of a receipt for luminous hair-oil, which made one girl suppose her lover must be a saint on account of his halo.

Hiram Maxim's size and strength nearly stopped his career as an inventor—for though he had invented mouse-traps and tricycle wheels at the age of twenty, he heard so much of the exploits of Heenan and Sayers that he considered whether he would become a

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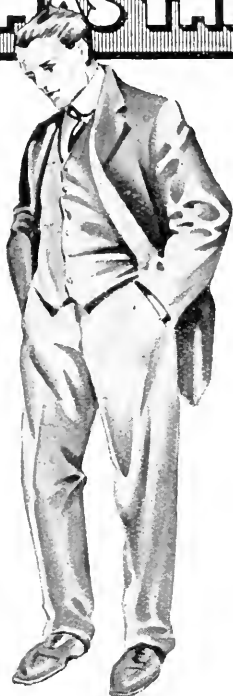
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professional boxer, but was told by an Englishman:—

"Your eyes are altogether too large and prominent. Moreover, who ever saw a prize-fighter with such a big head? They are generally about the shape and size of a cocoanut." Later on I saw old Dr. Springall, who had been my mother's physician, and was the only foreigner in town before the mill hands arrived. He was very wise, and I looked up to him with the greatest respect. He said: "Don't think of it; it is altogether beneath you; never give it a second thought." And I didn't.

By the way, we are informed that there were no rats in Maine in those days, except in the seaports.

Space fails to recount all the perils of death, exploits of strength, and clever bits of workmanship which fill up this part of Hiram Maxim's life. The Civil War he seems to have passed through without taking much interest in either side. His brother volunteered, consequently he was exempt, his mother having but two sons. Time passed on, and recognition of his wonderful inventions had come before, in 1881, Mr. Maxim came to London as representative of the United States Electric Lighting Company and began to turn his attention to an automatic gun. His animadversions against factory dirt and waste and the British workman's "cussedness" are intermingled with some amusing feats of strength and descriptions of his experiments. When, at length, the gun which fired 666 shots per minute was perfected, the Prince of Wales came to see it, as did Lord Wolseley, who said:—

"It is really wonderful." According to his way of putting it: "The Yankees beat all creation; there seems to be no limit to what they are able to do." He expressed it as his opinion that it would not be long before someone would turn out a machine that would manufacture "full-grown men and women." Here I ventured to remonstrate, very much to the amusement of the party, saying I certainly would not undertake the job, because it would be extremely unpopular.

The War Office called him in to solve a problem about slow burning powder, and though he, after many experiments, succeeded, his only reward was the assurance that certain scientific gentlemen would be furious on account of what he had done with his little microscope!

A company was formed—the Maxim Gun Company—and the secretary was ordered to see to the printing of the stationery. This came out as the Maxim "Gun" Company, and, consequently, Sir Hiram advises no one with a sufficient income to go into business! It would be interesting to know what he said to the secretary who had not read the proofs or forgotten to correct them?

Maxim improved upon his first automatic, and exhibited it. Here is his account of one of his callers:—

It was while this little gun was on exhibition at Hatton Garden that a tall and dignified gentleman called. He was beautifully gloved, and had a gold-rimmed monocle fixed in his eye. He told me, in very stilted language, that he had come to see the gun. He looked at it, took out his watch, expressed his doubts about it being able to fire six hundred rounds in a minute, and said he wanted to see the six hundred rounds go off. I said: "It costs £5 a minute to fire this gun. I will furnish the gun if you will furnish the cartridges." He was very indignant, and he left suddenly. Later on he said that I had insulted him.

So with story upon story, anecdote after anecdote, the "Life" goes on, until Sir Hiram closes with a comical outburst against the scientist who deplored that one so eminent as Sir Hiram should descend to prostituting his talents on quack nostrums. This because he has invented an inhaler which relieves him (and others) when suffering from bronchitis. He characteristically concludes—that it is a creditable thing to invent a killing machine, but a disgrace to invent an apparatus to prevent human suffering.

MR. HUEFFER'S NEW NOVEL.

The Good Soldier. By Ford Madox Hueffer. (John Lane, 6s.)

Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer is the Scholar Gipsy of English letters; he is the author who is recognised only as he disappears round the corner. It is im-

possible for anybody with any kind of sense about writing to miss some sort of distant apprehension of the magnificence of his work; but unfortunately this apprehension usually takes the form of enthusiastic but belated dis-

coveries of work that he left on the doorstep ten years ago.

"The Good Soldier" will put an end to any such sequestration of Mr. Hueffer's wealth. For it is as impossible to miss the light of its extreme beauty and wisdom as it would be to miss the full moon on a clear night. Its first claim on the attention is the obvious loveliness of the colour and cadence of its language and it is also clever as the novels of Mr. Henry James are clever, with all sorts of acute discoveries about human nature, and at times it is radiantly witty. And behind these things there is the delight of a noble and ambitious design, and behind that again, there is the thing we call inspiration—a force of passion which so sustains the story in its flight that never once does it appear as the work of a man's invention. It is because of that union of inspiration and the finest technique that this story, this close and relentless recital of how the good soldier struggled from the mere clean innocence which was the most his class could expect of him to the knowledge of love, can bear up under the vastness of its subject. For the subject is, one realises when one has come to the end of this saddest story, much vaster than one had imagined that any story about well-bred people, who live in sunny houses, with deer in the park, and play polo, and go to Nauheim for the cure, could possibly contain.

It is the record of the spiritual life of Edward Ashburnham, who was a large, fair person of the governing class, with an entirely deceptive appearance of being just the kind of person he looked. It was his misfortune that he had brought to the business of landowning a fatal touch of imagination which made him believe it his duty to be "an overlord doing his best by his dependents, the dependents meanwhile doing their best by the overlord"; to make life splendid and noble and easier for everybody by his government. And since this ideal meant that he became in his way a creative artist, he began to feel the desire to go to some woman for "moral support, the encouragement, the relief from the sense of loneliness,

the assurance of his own worth." And although Leonora, his wife, was fine and proud, a Northern light among women, she simply could not understand that marriage meant anything but an appearance of loyalty before the world and the efficient management of one's husband's estate. She "had a vague sort of idea that, to a man, all women are the same after three weeks of close intercourse. She thought that the kindness should no longer appeal, the soft and mournful voice no longer thrill, the tall darkness no longer give a man the illusion that he was going into the depths of an unexplored wood." And so poor Edward walked the world starved.

His starvation leads him into any number of gentle, innocent, sentimental passions; it delivers him over as the prey of a terrible and wholly credible American, a cold and controlled egoist who reads like the real truth about an Anne Douglas Sedgwick or Edith Wharton heroine. And meanwhile his wife becomes so embittered by what she considers as an insane, and possibly rather nasty, obsession, that she loses her pride and her nobility and becomes, in that last hour when Edward has found a real passion, so darkly, subtly treacherous that he and the quite innocent young girl whom he loves are precipitated down into the blackest tragedy. All three are lost; and perhaps Leonora, robbed of her fineness, is most lost of all.

And when one has come to the end of this beautiful and moving story it is worth while reading the book over again simply to observe the wonders of its technique. Mr. Hueffer has used the device, invented and used successfully by Mr. Henry James, and used not nearly so credibly by Mr. Conrad, of presenting the story not as it appeared to a divine and omnipresent intelligence, but as it was observed by some intervener not too intimately concerned in the plot. It is a device that always breaks down at the great moment, when the revelatory detail must be given; but it has the great advantage of setting the tone of the prose from the beginning to the end.



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AGGREGATE BALANCE SHEET

OF THE

Bank of New South Wales, 31st March, 1915.

LIABILITIES.				ASSETS.			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Notes in Circulation	370,918	0	0	Coin, Bullion, and Cash Balances	10,707,401	1	11
Deposits, Accrued Interest, and Rebate	38,778,055	10	10	Australian Commonwealth Notes	4,552,573	10	0
			39,148,973	Fiji Government Notes	5,599	0	0
Bills Payable and other Liabilities (which include reserves held for Doubtful Debts and Amounts at Credit of Investments Fluctuation Account, Officers' Fidelity Guarantee and Provident Fund, the Buckland Fund, and amounts due to Other Banks)			7,007,532	Notes of Other Banks	57,440	10	0
Paid-up capital	3,500,000	0	0	Money at short call in London	665,000	0	0
Reserve Fund	2,500,000	0	0	Investments—			
Profit and Loss	£330,135	14	6	British and Colonial Government Securities	3,904,054	14	9
Less Interim Dividend to December 31, 1914	87,500	0	0	Municipal and other Securities	431,000	0	0
			242,635	Due by other Banks	137,815	15	0
			6,242,635	Bills Receivable in London and Remittances in transit	5,412,085	0	5
			£52,399,142	Bills Discounted and Loans and Advances to Customers		25,872,969	12 1
Contingent Liabilities—			4 9	Bank Premises		800,000	0 0
Outstanding Credits, as per Contra	1,184,623	0	9			£52,399,142	4 9
			£53,583,765	Liabilities of Customers and others on Letters of Credit, as per Contra		1,184,623	0 9
			5 6			£53,583,765	5 6

Dr. PROFIT AND LOSS, 31st March, 1915. Cr.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To Interim Dividend for Quarter ended 31st December, 1914, at 10 per cent. per annum, paid in terms of Clause CV. of Deed of Settlement	87,500	0	0	By Amount from last Account	£90,729	0	9
Balance proposed to be dealt with as follows:—				.. Balance of Half-year's Profits after deducting Rebate on Current Bills, Interest on Deposits, paying Note and other Taxes, reducing valuation of Bank Premises, providing for Bad and Doubtful Debts, and fluctuations in the value of Investment Securities; and including recoveries from Debts previously written off as bad		239,406	13 9
To Quarter's Dividend to 31st March, 1915, at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum	£87,500	0	0				
.. Augmentation of the Reserve Fund	50,000	0	0				
.. Balance carried forward	105,135	14	6				
			242,635				
			£330,135				£330,135
			14 6				14 6

Dr. RESERVE FUND, 31st MARCH, 1915. Cr.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To Balance	2,550,000	0	0	By Balance	2,500,000	0	0
(Of which £750,000 is invested in British Government securities, and £500,000 in those of States where we are represented in all £1,250,000. The Balance is employed in the business of the Bank.)				.. Amount from Profit and Loss	50,000	0	0
							£2,550,000
			£2,550,000	By Balance			£2,550,000
			0 0				0 0

J. RUSSELL FRENCH, GENERAL MANAGER.

W. E. SOUTHERDEN, CHIEF ACCOUNTANT.

Audited 20th May, 1915.

HARRINGTON PALMER

S. E. LADLEY

AUDITORS.

FINANCIAL AND BUSINESS QUARTER.

A.M.P. SOCIETY.

The A.M.P. Society has had another good year. Its results were not quite up to the record figures of 1913, but still they were decidedly satisfactory. They would probably have been better, had it not been for the war and the drought conditions prevailing over the greater part of Australia. The influence of those adverse factors is, however, only discernible in the smaller volume of new assurances obtained and the lessened growth in the business in force. The new business in 1913 was about £7,000,000, but in the past year it was £430,000 less. Still the amount secured, over £6,563,000, is a large one, and speaks volumes for the popularity of the society. The increase in business in force this time too was only £3,345,000, against nearly £4,100,000 in 1913. Still this increment was on the whole satisfactory, for it brought the total sums assured in force up to the splendid figure of over £84,000,000.

* * *

The profit earned for the year—£1,085,000—was rather lower (about £24,000 below the gain in 1913. This, however, was not apparently due to any falling off in the earning power of the mortality, interest, and economy factors. What the profit from mortality was the report of course does not state, for that is a matter for the actuary. There must have been a material gain from interest, for the effective rate of £4 14s. 11d. per cent. earned on the funds was 1s. 3d. higher than that of 1913. The normal expense rate was a trifle lower, the amount spent of each £100 of premiums received being £13 9s 5d., as against £13 10s. 2d. If, however, the special staff bonus of £9200 be included, the ratio was a little higher—£13 16s. 5d.

* * *

The decrease in the profit appears to have been due to certain other factors. The gain from sales of foreclosed pro-

perties, reversions, etc., was this time about £8200 less. The amount written off on account of securities and office premises was increased by about £4500, while the addition to the investment fluctuation fund was £1700 greater. These items, with the staff bonus of £9200, totalling over £23,600, would appear to account for the decline of £24,000 in the year's earnings.

* * *

The amount available for distribution among the policyholders was not prejudiced by this falling off. The actuary had, after taking £142,000 to strengthen the actuarial reserves, a sufficient surplus to permit him to distribute over £1,026,000 in cash bonuses, about £50,000 more than was divided in 1913. This, too, after reserving about £114,000 for contingencies, etc.

* * *

The security of the policyholders' contracts was materially increased during the year, for the above transfer of £142,000 enabled the actuary to value all the with profit endowment assurances on a 3 per cent. interest basis. There now only remain the annual premium whole life (with profit) policies issued prior to 1903 to be brought under this stringent valuation. This can only be a matter of very short time now and the society will then have all its ordinary branch policies on a 3 per cent. interest basis.

* * *

With so large an income as the society has—over £4,000,000—it is only to be expected that, with its economical management and high interest earnings, the funds will increase rapidly. Last year they rose by no less than £1,738,000, and are now over £33,700,000. Of this increment £1,200,000 was invested in loans on municipal and other rates, £240,000 in loans on policies, £130,000 was added to the cash, and over £70,000 was put

out on loans on mortgage, now nearly £12,600,000.

* * *

As regards the industrial branch, the progress was undoubtedly satisfactory. Notwithstanding the adverse conditions current during the year, the expense ratio per £100 of premiums received was reduced from £40 6s. to £35 8s. Moreover, this was not obtained at the cost of business, for the income was increased by nearly £45,000 to over £275,000. There was not as large a gain in business in force as in 1913; still the proportion of assurances current to the total obtained to December,

1914, was the very satisfactory one of almost 57 per cent.

There was also a highly creditable growth in the profits. The surplus of assets remaining after a stringent valuation of the policy liabilities was last year nearly £35,500, a marked increase over that of £9,200 shown in 1913. This will enable the directors to give a bonus to all industrial policies five years and over in force, and at the same time provide a comfortable balance to carry forward to strengthen the reserves.

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THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE DUNEDIN BRANCH.

The annual meeting was held on May 14. John Roberts, C.M.G., the President, presided. The report told of the many and varied activities of the Branch in aid of the different patriotic funds. The balance-sheet referred to no less than £372 having been collected, chiefly for the Belgians. In addition to cash, the Club members collected a very large number of gifts, which were sent to the headquarters of the Club in London for distribution. No less than sixty-five large cases were required to hold the goods, and these were carried free by the Shaw, Savill, and the New Zealand Shipping Companies, and were distributed in England through a large number of institutions. Mr. Wrench reported that the gifts had alleviated much distress. The Women's Committee has been most active, and in addition

to the sums mentioned in the balance-sheet has collected £200 for the local relief fund, and £40 14s. for the Red Cross. Its stall on Hospital Saturday topped the list for the day's takings with £142 14s. 2d. The Art Union, organised by the Branch in aid of the Belgian Relief Fund, realised the splendid sum of £627 7s. 3d. The total, therefore, raised by the Dunedin Club was no less than £1182!—a really magnificent effort. Mr. Roberts was re-elected President; Sir George McLean, Mr. William Burnett and Dr. R. Marshall, Vice-Presidents. Mr. J. K. Macfie, who has shown such energy in working for the Over Seas throughout New Zealand, and Mr. Chas. Ford, were once more appointed Hon. Secretary and Hon. Treasurer respectively. Mrs. Statham was re-elected President of the Ladies' Committee. Under her direction it has done splendid work in the past and hopes to do still better in the future.

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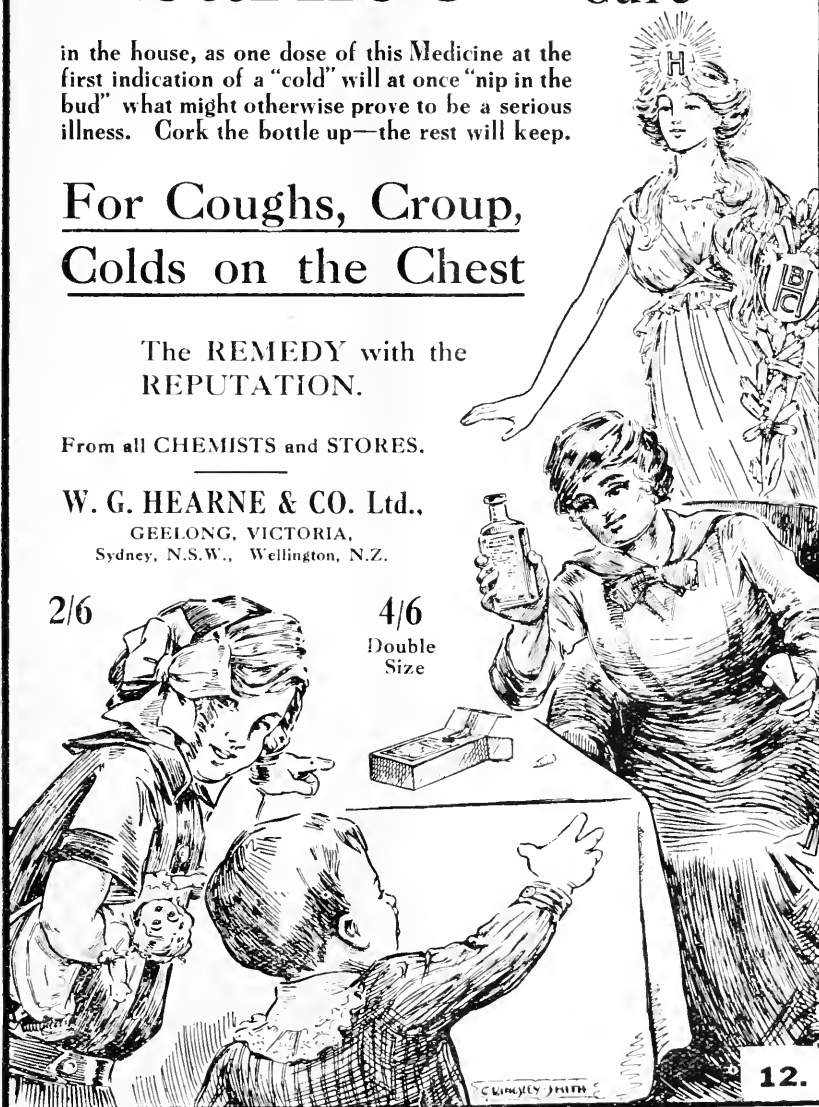
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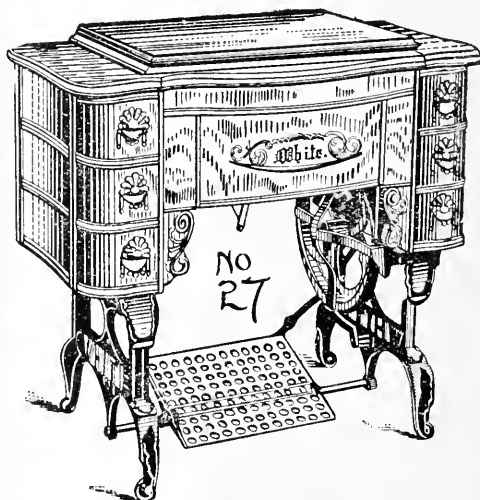
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